Mrs Cowper

TWO NEW

PLAYES.

Viz.
1. The *Fool* would be a Favourit: or, The Discreet *Lover*.
2. *Osmond*, the Great Turk; or, The Noble *Servant*.

As they have been often acted, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants, with great applause.

Written by

LODOWICK CARLELL, Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the *Prince's Armes* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1657.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE FOOL Would be a FAVOURIT: Or, the *DISCREET LOVER.*

A Trage-Comedy.

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Drammatis Perſonæ.

Duke,	Of *Milaine*.
Agenor,	His ſon, in love with *Lucinda*.
Philanthus,	Friend to *Agenor*.
Adraſtus,	A Lord, in love with *Aurelia*.
Old Gudgen,	A ſimple Bumpkin.
Young Gudgen,	The Favourit that would be.

His Man.
Courtiers.
Herald at Armes.
Dancing Maſter.
Singing Maſter.
Taylor.
Moor.
Servant.

Aurelia,	Daughter to the Duke.
Lucinda,	Siſter to *Adraſtus*.
Miranthe,	*Aurelia*'s waiting-woman.
Linda,	*Lucinda*'s waiting-woman.

Scene *Milain.*

THE FOOL Would be a FAVOURITE: Or, the *DISCREET LOVER.*

Actus primus.

Enter Aurelia *and a Servant.*

Aur. CAN the Prince *Philanthus*, my coſen, look ſo far beneath himſelf, as on my ſervant? *Ser.* Madam, believe me, he makes love to her daily, and now they are together in the Garden.

Aur. If this be true, as I begin to fear, for I have heard him make ſome deſperate proteſtations; yet, by the ſtronger Magick of this brow, I'le break thoſe Spells that hold him; theſe Eyes, which have to all that ſued been clad in frownes, ſhall, for his ſake, receive all the additions, that a womans art can give, to make them victors. He ſhall not caſt away himſelfe, nor ſpend a

 ſigh

ſigh more, for ſo mean a perſon. For ſure, when I ſhall coſen him, making him think, that I will daigne to love, hee'l hate himſelfe, and flie ſo mean a Miſtreſſe. I'l ſee, if they be ſtill together. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philanthus *and* Miranthe.

Mir. I ſee the Princeſs comming.

Phil. The better. Injure not ſo much your own merit,
To miſdoubt the truth of what I ſay; and if you fear
A change, I'le call the gods to witneſſe.

Enter Aurelia, *and Servant.*

Mir. Good my young Lord, ſpare your raſh inconſiderate oaths,
Which you would be content to buy again at any rate
Within this month.

Aur. Crafty Wench, ſhe ſees us.

Mir. You muſt not think, that I will lay my ſelfe
Open to your courtſhip thus alone, it was
By accident you met me, pray let go.

Phil. Will you then leave me?

Aur How now, Coſen, making love to *Miranthe*?

Phil. Madam, I ſhould be glad to gain her good opinion.

Aur. Couſen, I hope the Court has not infected you as yet. Will you diſſemble with me your friend, or no, if I ſhould ſeriouſly ask you a queſtion?

Phil. Madam, if I already know that vice you name,
My I or No, will be but ſmall aſſurance.

Aur. yet I dare truſt you. Love you *Miranthe* in earneſt?
Why do I ask? I do not think you yet know what love means.

Phil. Not what it is, I would I did not.

Aur.

Aur. I see you do, that sigh approves it.
And, *Miramhe*, you love entirely.
Phil. Admit I grant. [*Exeunt* Miran. & *Ser.*]
Aur. Leave us a little. Then you must grant withall,
That you much injure your self; for you are equall
To the greatest in your blood; to say, your minde
Or person's lovly, is a truth, befits some other
Better then my selfe to speak. Yet friendship,
And pitty of your youth, to see you ignorantly offer your devotions
To so poor a Saint, whose influence, though ne'r so favourable,
Cannot protect you from a generall scorn forces me
To tell you, you will be counted of a low spirit,
Or wondrous ignorant, in loving *Miramhe*,
Your birth being so far above hers.
Phil. Madam, 'tis true, that being descended from your house,
I should have as just reason to be proud in that respect, as any:
But, being otherwise defective in those things,
Which I could not receive from Ancestours, my mind and manners;
Wonder not, that like a bastard Eaglet, I refuse to look upon
The Sun-bright Beauties of the Court. Yet, Madam,
You must think, in her I lord there's something,
Though perhaps not obvious to your eyes,
That to me renders her lovely.
Aur. 'Tis true, shee's a good Wench, perhaps her vertue takes you.
Phil. Madam, I know you do not sleight that in others,
Though in her you do; shee's your servant, and you say,
Shee's my Mistresse, and Vertue should be Mistresse to us all.

Give me leave so far, to justifie her and my selfe
as to say, If she be more vertuous then the fairest
Lady living, I ought to love her best.

Aur. Yes, if you could be married to her vertues,
not to her person;
For six pence I'le buy a Book, shall more instruct you in
that way.
But think you, Cosen, Vertue and Beauty may not
dwell together.
I am accounted fair wherein have I appeared to you
Lesse vertuous than *Miranthe*?

Pol. In nothing, Madam, rather the wonder of your
sex

Aur. Cousen, believe me, there are many in the
Court, that exceed
Me in both. Let me perswade you leave *Miranthe* rather
for your Man to woe and dedicate your worthier
services
to some of those that I shall name you.

Pol. Madam, you perswade strongly, for I rely upon
your counsell
As an Oracle But think you, I have handsomess or wit,
To make me acceptable to a fair Lady?

Aur. Yes doubtlesse.

Pol. I fear you say it only, to draw me from my
Mistress.
But swear, you think me worthy.

Aur. As I live I do.

Pol. Well, Madam, your have perswaded me to be
unconstant;
If there be a punishment, may't light on you:
Or, if I fail to gain a Mistress, you must promise
To instruct me; for, whom you'l please to name
As worthy, I'le make love to tell you all my discourse,
And shew you all my Letters.

Aur. Must you needs be in Love, it seems you have
been

en much given to read love Books; when I know
our study, I shall fit you with a Mistresse.
Phil. Faith, Madam, they live such pleasant lives in
those books,
Kissing their Mistresses hands, and looking on their
fair eyes,
That I have envied them.
Aur. Your imagination's very strong, you begin
with me.
I must provide a Mistres for you very shortly,
I shall be troubled with you else my self. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Courtiers.

1. Trust to my skill thus far, I have wrought him
handsomly
2. My part is onely, to be ready to entertain you.
1. No more.
2. Fare-well then. *Exit.*
1. Fare-well. Let me alone to fit him here in the
Country to the business, th'ass is rich, his father more
fool then he, doting upon his sons believed perfections--
Here comes the old fool.

Enter old Gudgen.

O. Gud. Good-morrow Mr. Courtier, you'r late a
rising; you should have seen my son, your scholler,
break halfe a dosen staves else, as gratiously, as ere a
poor mans son in *Malain*, and for Cut, black Cut.
1. Indeed hee's a good sober beast.
O. Gud. Very quick, he starts before you can tell
twenty; first does he trot, but then stand; I have the
carrier thus with my whip aloft, and when he comes,
flash quoth I, away goes Cut so fast, you cannot see him
move, then does he stop most willingly.
1. He does indeed.

O. Gudg. And turnes about with great 'liberation and 'gillity, but old Roane what say you to him, there a hot Jade indeed, as like my son as can be, firy and full of mettall, and here comes the grace of our Country, though I say't.

Enter young Gudgen and Man.

Y. Gud. Luckey, poulcroone, look to my Roan Jennet, let him allay his fury in thy hand, before he set his hoof within the stable, and shouldst thou let him drinke, thou diest as I am generous.

Man. Saving your young worships pleasure; he had more need be set up, and have a peck of grains, heel ne're be able to plow to morrow else.

Y. Gud. Peasant, I say let him allay his heat, and for the plow thou talkest on, I will have thee know this mornings service hath manumiz'd him from such base employments.

O. Gudg. How Son, whats that?

Y. Gud. I must speak plaine to his dull understanding, oh torment! let it suffice that Roane is free from service of the plow or harrow.

Man. I your worship I am sure hath harrow'd all the flesh off his back, a little rest and meat will do well Sir.

Y. Gud. Another word, and as I hope to be a Gentleman, Ile make him feed on thee.

Man. Good your worship.

Y. Gud. Nay worse, thou shalt not wait upon me to our Court of *Milan*.

O. Gud. 'Tis his care, Son you must forgive him.

Y. Gud. Live then; and thank this aged Nobleman.

O. Gud. Oh hopefull boy, hee may be one indeed Sir, may he not.

1. Yes yes?

O. Gud. 'Tis no matter though I be a yeoman still,

1. No

1. No no, there will be no great indecorum in it.

O. Gud. I, as you say 'twere well I were a'the coram, and so I will when my son's a Lord.

Enter a Taylor.

Y. Gud. How my cloaths not made yet! let me perish, if I do not revenge the blood of all the innocent lice, since the first Taylor.

Tay. I beseech your worship, you know I wanted, and you promist to let me have some money before hand.

Y. Gud. How Taylor! money before hand? dost thou not know I am to be a Courtier, thou ignorant Country vermine, can there be hope to prosper in a suite paid thee for, before hand.

1. No tis unpossible you would appeare a prodigie

Y. Gud. A prodigie; thats fine i faith, nay I will pay aforehand then, and be a prodigie; if that be all my man to, he shall be a prodigie.

Man. I thank your worship.

Enter Dancer.

Y. Gud. Master of the Dance and Fence you have been long a comming.

Dancer. Your worship knowes tis two long mile and I came but softly, I must be more carefull of my leggs then another man.

Y. Gud. Why so man, thou makest new ones every day.

Dance. I Sir but I make them with my leggs, and every trades man will preserve his tools.

Man. Or else his wife will Chide him when he comes home.

Enter Singer.

Y. Gud. Ha, ha, ha, him sol, sol fa, fa.

Sing. I am glad to hear your worship so carefull of my documents, use a voyce, and have a voyce.

Y. Gud. Come come shall we to't?

1. Sir 'twere best to day you only us'd your martiall

exercises, you have rid, and fencing will be enough.

Y. Gud. You say true, first I will learne to fight, and then to make my approaches to the Ladies: if they refuse to yield to my Courtship,

Ile compell them by force of Armes.

1. How ravish them, prove a Tarquine?

Y. Gud. I, ten Tarquines, what shall they contend with me?

Man. By my faith, I will take your worships part.

Y. Gud. Shee that shall oppose me had better come on Master of the Noble science, behold thy scholler does thus confront thee.

Dan. Stay Sir you are too furious, first you must marke your distance.

O. Gud. I but sonne, you lost your opportunity; I have seen the time I would not have fail'd to pai'd him o're the nodel, at such a vantage.

Y. Gudg. How take upon you to teach me, goe to, you'r an old busie fool, but, lets see what you can doe, come on your waies.

O. Gud. Alas sonne, I am old, threescore.

Y. Gud. I know you might have been my father, but I have seen a wiser at thirty, come on Sir.

O. Gud. Nay Son.

Y. Gud. Take 'em, I charge you as you expect my favour, Ile let you see the fence is alter'd since your sword and buckler time.

Tay. I have an itching to him.

1. Sir your Father's old, you'l kill him.

Y. Gud. 'Tis no matter, I shall not be asham'd of him when I am a Lord.

1. Faith Sir, play with your Tayler, hee's a great mind too't.

Y. Gud Has he, come on Sir shred, dare you adventer, the third part of a man to encounter; dost thou know what thou dost, I am a prodigie.

Tay.

Tay. I Sir, but I must help to make you so: one bout sir, and it were at Cudgels, I durst venter the making of your worships cloaths.

Y. Gud. Oh base Cudgels, I will kill that lowse that sits upon thy ninth button.

Tay. Well sir.

They Play.

Y. Gud. Oh Rogue do you offer to strike, and then to thrust against the Order of fence, this 'tis to play with ignorance.

1. 'Tis true sir, I wonder you would doo't.

Tay. I know the blow could not be great, alas I am but a louse, a shred at the most, Sir, but the third part of a man.

1. Away, you are saucie.

Tay. Will please your worship to let me have something before hand.

Y. Gud. A pox on thee, thou hast given me too much.

Tay. Truly sir, it was against my will I did not think it possible I could have hit your skilful worship, wilt please your worship try another bout?

Y. Gud. No prithee.

1. A pox a these Marshall Exercises,
Lets to the City, Dance, Drinke, Whore, and Dice,
These are the vertues, fighting is a vice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Adrastus.

Adra. Oh inconstant *Aurelia*, but women must be women still,
Changing though for the worst: for wherein can *Philanthus* be justly pris'd before me; hee's young
And unexperienc'd, so cannot serve her with that waryness
He ought considering her Birth, sure she cannot love him, oh yes she does, she does, it is apparent.

They

They are ſtill together and ſee, good manners pard
me.

Enter Philanthus and Aurelia.

Ile marke their actions, tho I cannot heare.

Phi. Maddam do not refuſe to inſtruct me yo
ſcholler.

But heare in what language I am able to deliver
My affection in, and give ſuch an anſwer as you thin
Adraſtus miſtris will do, whom you have
appointed me to make love to.

Aur. I will,

Phi. Faire *Aurelia.*

Aur. Her name's *Lucinda.*

Phi. Maddam you know that all one, but i
th'at-tribute of Faire ſufficient.

Aur. Tis old and fooliſh either to ſay, faire or vert
ous.

Or maddam, miſtris, or goddeſſe, or Divine Lad
Sweete Creature, or abſtract, or indeede
Any thing that way.

Phi. Then thus, If the reſpect I beare your had bee
leſſe,

Or that after the tender of my loyall heart,
And your refuſall of it, I could have liv'd,
To enjoy your ſight I had long ere this
Made my love known, but ſince the
Manifeſtation of your diſdaine and my death are
Inſeparable accidents, wonder not that I
Have loſt ſo many opportunities to tell you.
For all Creatures have a deſire to preſerve life:
And now I ſee my laſt period approaching.
For in your heavenly eyes I read the ſentence of my
death,
As plaine as if the book of fate lay open to me.
You're are the book of fate in two reſpects,
To all that ſee and know you as I do.

Fo

For if they love you, they justly perish by your scorne.
If they love you not, their ignorance transformes
Them into beasts, a worse Condition for a man
Then not to be at all hope cannot foole me further,
Then only make me to believe, that since
I have some interest in your blood youl shed a teare,
To witnes that you greeve my ruine.

Aur. May I perish, if you have not delivered this with as much passion.
As if *Lucinda* for whom this speech was fram'd,
Had beene before you, but how shall shee conceave
That where you speak of interest in her blood?
Are you akine to her?

Phi. When you have answered in her person; for that, I shall resolve You.

Aur. Well if your affection were thus violent as you pretend,
I cannot but acknowledge that the consideration of it
Were sufficient to move pitty in any woman,
That did allow the sollies of protesting lovers.
But for my part I have ever laugh'd at those,
Who hop'd to gaine love by the manifestation
Of their sufferings, and therefore had you profest lesse
Till you had made your merits appeare greater,
It would have mov'd me more: when I shall see
That in you which I asmuch covet to enjoy,
As it seemes you do now something in me.
Then which an equality of affection we shall
Meet without all these sophisticated protestations,
And not before: for as you pursue that which you think
Would be your happinesse so do I mine.
Which I am sure consists in my freedome
From the follies of Love.

Phi. Tis even so, you have delivered nothing but what I expected.

The

The greateſt merit I ſhall ere attaine to,
Is quickly to remove out of the world.
One whom you ſomuch contemn. { *Offers to kill himſelfe.*
Aur. Philanthus, would you take this way
To aſſure your miſtris of your affection?
Phi. No other wayes then by my death after the aſſurance of her diſdaine.
Aur. P'ſhew, you muſt not deſpair for the firſt deniall.
Our hearts and tongues do not alwayes agree.
And becauſe I am to inſtruct you to gaine your miſtris,
Ile diſcover ſome part of womens diſpoſition to you;
Tho it be to our diſadvantage.
Phi. Maddam you ſhall infinitely oblige me.
Aur. Firſt there's few of us what ere we ſeeme,
But are content to be belov'd by all that ſee us.
And thoſe who are of birth may expreſſe love,
In their actions without offence, tho nere ſo many.
But he that comes to tell his miſtris in words he loves her,
Had need be firſt aſſur'd that ſhee beleeves
That he hath worth enough to gaine a miſtris
Equall to her ſelf in merits, ſhould he make
Tender of his love elſe where: for when an other
Would receave that which is offer'd it does approve
The valew of the guift, and ſetts the giver
Free from ſcorne.
Phi. Maddam for this I thanke you, but more I beſeech you.
Aur. I will, it may be you beleeve you could not more
Oblige your miſtris to reſpect you then by giving
Her aſſurance of many oaths that you can never love
Any other Lady, tho ſhee ſhould much neglect you.
Phi. Maddam, I do.
Aur. I thought ſo, marke a generall errour: what ſoere,

We are sure is ours, the worth of it doth lessen
In opinion, for we are still in pursuit
Of new and difficult things to attaine: yet it is
As great a greefe to us if our prisoners.
Should undo their chaines as 'tis contentment
To enthrall a new one and make another.
Womans servant ours, pleases above thought,
Because it is a testimony of our great vertue
And merit that drew him.

Phi. The Change may grow as well from his inconstancy,
As Judgement in discerning the worthier.

Aure. At least he will add one to the number, and multiplying
In the art most women study that are faire.

Aur. Are all so? Maddam; are you so?

Phi. I did not tel you I would give you my particular Character, 'twas the generall I spake.

Phi. Maddam, I take it for granted, you are not such.
For these you name, are faculty in their humours.
And therefore you being singular deserve more love,
Which trust me maddam I must pay to You.
Not to *Lucinda* what ere I have seem'd.
Nor ever lov'd I Miranthe.

Aur. How Philanthus?

Phi. Maddam, tis true by all that can be sworne by.
That I only love Aurelia now, but how long.
It will continew, if shee neglect me, that I cannot tell.

Aure. This is fine Jugling, do you make me discover
The weaknes of our sex, and then assault my selfe.
I hate you, hence from my sight.

Phi. Maddam, I do not believe you, you told me your self.
That womens hearts and tongues do not alwayes agree.

Aur. But I told you withall I spoke not of my selfe.

and

And you granted too, I was not like other women.
Which you then made the argument of your love.
Therefore you must beleeve me when I say I hate you.
Phi. Yes when I do beleeve that, I deserve it.
You swore you thought me worthy when you went about
To perswade me from Miranthe, which assurance you
Said was necessarie before the verball protestation
Of affection, and feare not that you shall be too assur
That I esteeme you, for I, according to your owne rul
Will cease to love you when you use me ill.
Aur. Of which assure your self, for you have offend me much.
Imuch above expression, pray leave me to my self.
Phi. Maddam I will, but for my owne advantage.
For when I am gon, you cannot choose but consider,
That my merit to your words is equall to the best.
Deserver, henceforth I will not go in words but actio
And if you love, each thought is of my faction. *Ex*
Adra. Bleft opportunity.
Aur. T'is well, this troubles me; yet sure it cann much displease me.
For who in *Philanthus* can find the least defect?
When I perswaded him not to love Miranthe,
And thought it was a friendly care, I was deceav'd.
Sure then I lov'd, it could not grow thus in an instan
How in an instant, do I love him then? no no.

Enter Adrastus.

I do not; yet it would trouble me to see him love another
Adrastus. I shall be troubled then.
Adra. Maddam excuse me that I interrupt your privacie
Forc'd by the violence of my passion, for when I sha be once.

Certai

rtaine of that which I strongly suspect,
here shall be nothing able to keep me
om sudden death; not your command,
Aur. Adrastus, what ist troubles you?
Adra. Ist possible that you can aske me?
Aur. You see I do.
Adra. Maddam, you know how intirely I gave my
selfe,
eserving no facultie of mind or body, to be imploy'd
ther wayes then by your Discretions, nor dare I say
et repent, tho I see another ready to reape
e fruit of my labors, 'tis *Philanthus* happy *Philan-*
thus
Whoe's the more fortunat in that hees not above me
in merit,
ffection far beneath me, nor should I greeve,
o see him happy, were he not raisd upon my ruines.
t I must say to hope to see him one day forsaken
e my self: oh no I dare not, sure this change pro-
ceeds
om some defect in me which you beleeve
ou have found, and not from your inconstancy.
Aur. Adrastus, the knowledge which I have had of
your actions towards me,
And my owne beauty, assur'd me that your lov'd.
t that my Courtesie had bred a beleefe in you,
That I defired you should do so, till now, I knew not
of
enceforward I shall set a remedy to that: For *Philan-*
thus
ing raisd upon your ruins, tis a building of your
fancy only.
t trust me tis strange you should be Jelous of what
your nere
sseft: but you beleeved you did, that was sufficient.
om this time know to value me and your self.

In

In ſo doing, you may regain that good opinion
I held of your judgment, which by this raſhn
you have loſt. Ex
Abra. Loſt, even ſo I am contemned, is this the
ward
Of all my ſervices, all my fair hopes
Thus blaſted? This *Philanthus* was born to ruine m
In all attempts of war and peace, he robs me of
prize,
What ere ſhe ſeemed, till *Philanthus* ſupplanted me,
My ſervices were moſt acceptable.
I had not elſe forſook *Miranthe* for her, and well
I know, ſhee's even with me already,
Furthering *Philanthus*, my Rivall, in his affection.
Now I muſt look
For nought but ſcorns from *Aurelia*. Could I re
Philanthus
Yet with my ſelfe, 'twere ſome content; umh,
The way to do it, is, to continue the ſeeming friendſ
Which I bear him, ſo ſhall my plot be carried free
From ſuſpicion: Hee's of an open heart,
And ſuch natures are eaſie to work on.
The Politician, when he hugs, does ſtrike:
Rivalls in Love and State, will do alike. Ex

Finis Actûs primi.

Actus ſecundus.

Enter Agenor *and* Philanthus.

Phil. Sir, you have bound me to you by ſo many
vours,
That you do give me cauſe to hope, that this
Diſ

Discovery is not displeasing to you.

Ag. Come, leave this ceremony, it does not fit our loves.

If you do love my sister, the friendship I have vow'd,
Ties me to aid you, although I know it may much
Prejudice me in my Father's love, should he know't;
For he so doats upon my sister, that he believes
None but a god is worthy of her.

Phil 'Tis true, shee's full of all that can be excellent in women, yet so far do I prize you above mine own desires or hopes,
That could your sister recompense me with a love equall to mine,
And yet that love, purchast by you, prove prejudiciall to you
Rather would give o're the thought of love for ever,
At least in silence rather pine and die.
No, far bee't from my friendship, to build my happiness,
Though ne're so great, upon your smallest discontent.

Ag. You wrong my love in this, and undervalue me;
For, you do seem to say, I fear to hazzard my fathers frown,
Though I could purchase for you what you so desire:
Now, by the gods, 'twas a most unkinde thought;
Nay, from a man lesse honest, 'twould appear
Hypocrisie; or, do you think my youth hath not yet taught me,
What 'tis to be a friend? Know, *Philanthus*,
The few years I have past, have been employed,
To make me something capable of those parts,
Which most enobles us; and I have found
Friendship to be the soul and essence of a man.
Therefore, believe me, since for your merits I have chose you
For a friend, your discontents, dangers, and happiness,
To all mine; no, friend, I say, your growing love

Can plead for you, not without ſucceſſe.
She loves, but would not have you too aſſured on't,
Leſt it ſhould make you leſſe eſteem the purchaſe.
Phil. Sir, you, in this aſſurance of your friendſhip,
And her love, tranſport me with a double joy,
Not to be expreſt in words. I ſhould fall down,
And worſhip ſuch a god-like friend, that thus
Beſtowes his favours on a deſertleſſe perſon,
Made onely worthy by his love.
Age. Still you forget our friendſhip, heaping you
thanks
And praiſe on me, a burthen my weak deſerving
Cannot bear without much ſhame; let it ſuffice,
My love makes me a ſervant to your wiſhes;
If they do take effect, 'tis your own merits,
Whom the gods cannot refuſe: that's the cauſe of it.
My friendſhip onely a willing inſtrument,
Strives to bring their divine wills to paſſe.
But Oh! friend.
Phil. Why ſigh you, Sir?
Age. I have long lik'd, and now I fear I love,
And therefore think, friendſhip obliges me
To tell you, yet with the reſervation of her name:
For ſhee's ſo cruell, ſo proud, if't be no ſacrilege
In me a Lover, to give that attribute.
I ſay, ſhee's ſo diſdainfull, and there's ſo little hope,
Nay rather ſuch a certain impoſſibility,
That ſhe will never love me, that I am aſham'd
To name the Tiger, that will in time, I know,
Conſume my heart.
Phil. Tell me her name, and ſend me to her, and I
ſhall quickly
Make her know, ſhee's cruell to her ſelf.
Age. Oh friend, I do not wiſh to loſe you,
'Twere the ready way to make you falſe; ſuch a faith
as yours

Perhaps

Perhaps, for once, might bring you off, free and untouch'd;
But should you often see her, and converse, you'd soon
Break faith with me and all the world, to gain
One smile from her; yet, even that smile were death,
Except you might enjoy them often: the deprivation
Of a good possest, being our greatest misery.

Phil. Sir, may I not know this wonder, for such I must believe her,
From your love; but more, that you believe she could
Taint my faith. Venture to name her.

Age. If you urge it as a duty, belonging to our friendship,
I must tell you; otherwaies I would for some
Respects conceal it.

Phil. Except you mean to imploy me to serve you,
'Twill be to no advantage.

Age. If you will, I'le tell you.

Phil. Faith, Sir, I shall not take it ill, if you conceal her;
May be, 'tis her will, because her cruell usage
Of you, if known, would be thought folly.

Age. 'Tis her will indeed; yet, friend, she hath more wit then all her sex.

Phil. Sir, were I not a Lover too, I should believe you.

Age. I dare not let you see her, so to approve it;
Shee'l quickly finde your worth to exceed mine.
Now is my friendship from least taint most free:
If she knew both, there might grow jealousie.

Exeunt.

Enter old Gudgen, young Gudgen, 1. Courtier, and Man.

Y. Gud. Passe not beyond this score, I charge thee, Father, upon thy allegiance; we are now within the verge of the Court. Away, make haste, to turn those durty acres into crowns, to buy the place you wote of.

O.G. Well ſon, e'en god be with thee.

Y.G. Weep not, I ſay, but get you home, and re-
member my bleſſing to the old woman, your wife; bi
her not be proud of me, though ſhe have reaſon: Man
a ſweet-fac'd youth, like my ſelfe, hath miſcarried a
Court, comming to be a Favourite; but I'le buy't,
and make ſure work, I.

O.G. Well, well.

Y.G. What, not gone yet, I think I ſhall be trou-
bled with you. Sure I was a baſtard, I could not
his ſon, hee's ſuch a coxcomb.

1. Like enough.

Y.G. There have been Courtiers in our town, I am
my mother was worth the whiſtling after, I can tell ye

1. I doubt it not.

Y.G. But come, how do you like me?

1. Believe me, Sir, yee'r wondrous well accoutred.

Y.G. Well accoutred, is that a courtly phraſe?

1. Yes.

Y.G. I have heard ſome word neer it in the Country
And how do you like my vaſſail?

1. Very proper.

Enter a ragged Courtier.

Y.G. Is he not well accoutred? What's he, what'
he, Sir?

1. Some poor ſleight fellow, you muſt be ſurly t
ſuch, and look big.

Y.G. Nay, Sir, I can look big, I learnt that of my
father's Bull,
He comes towards me.

R.C. Noble Sir, I ſhall be wondrous proud of you
acquaintance.

Y.G. Then you ſhall never have it.

R.C. Why, Sir?

Enter 2. Courtiers.

Y.G. Pride is a deadly vertue, humility a sin, that will better become your clothes. Look I not big? Ha! stay, what's he, what's he.

1. Some great man, by those that sue to him; you must abase your garb, and with an obsequious look salute him.

Y. G. Sir, I professe my self the vassail to your Dog; if you keep none, I am a most devout and obsequious servant to your Cat.

Man. I shall desire to have the providing of her Mice.

2. Sir, I am full of employments, excuse me, I must suddenly give his Grace an account.

Y. G. A great man certainly, 'tis well if I can come to speak with him this two hours.

1. Sir, may I intreat to know, what place you hold in Court? this Gentleman, I can assure you, is worthy your acquaintance.

Y. G. No, no, Sir; alas, I'm an ignorant, and know nothing, wondrous simple, believe it a week hence will be fair, I'le wait your leasure. But what's your place, Sir, I beseech you honour me, Sir.

1. Pray, Sir, satisfie him.

2. Sir, I'me a favourite to his Grace.

1. What luck have you, Sir.

Y. G. I, is't not good luck? Why, Sir, I come to buy a Favourites place, and think I am as fit for't as another man, and will give as much mony too.

2. Believe it, Sir, you must pay well for't, 'tis a place of great advantage.

Y. G. I know't, Sir. but one may ha't for mony, I am assur'd on't.

2. Yes, you shall have mine on good conditions.

Y.G. Good or ill conditions, I care not, that's all one, I'l ha't.

2. Sir, you know not yet the duties, nor the privi-
ledges of the place.

Y. G. That's true, pray what are they?

2. First, you may be alwaies next the Duke, and so
advance, or else keep back suites, as you favour or dis-
like the person.

Y. G. Nay, I'le dislike all suites, that are not like
mine own.

Man. or mine.

Y. G. I, or thine.

2. The great men will give thee the first good-mor-
row, perhaps shew more respect, they are very courteous
in this age: The Ladies, thei'l observe yee too, it may
be, more then their husbands.

Y. G. That's brave ifaith.

1. Sir, hark yee, you must not seem so desirous of it.
Let me alone to talk with him, and make the bargain,
let's go to the next Tavern.

Y. G. Sir, I do not greatly care for this Favourite
place of yours, I hear, a man shall never live in peace,
my eares will alwaies be glowing; they'l do nothing
but talk of me, and they'l be hang'd before they speak
any good.

1. Though you deserve ne're so much. Come, let's go.

2. Nay, that's certain, they'l misinterpret every
action, if it prosper not; their faith in that is like the
Turks.

Y. G. Sir, I would have you know, I care not if I
for your place; but if you'l go to the next Tavern, I
shall agree with you for it.

1. Fie, Sir, you'l spoyle all.

2. But is there nothing the Duke may except against
in your friend?

Y. G. Except against me? 'tis impossible, he ne'
saw me in's life: why should he except against me then
am not I as fit for a favourite, as another man?

2. 'T

2. 'Tis but a needfull objection.

T. G. Except against me?

2. Pacifie your selfe.

T. G. I tell you Sir, if he should but think of excepting against me, I would return into the Country presently, as wise as I came.

1. Nay, good Sir, 'tis impossible.

T. G. And he were ten Dukes, I'de send him to seek a Favourit, I warrant you. Except against me? what me?

1. Nay, Sir.

T. G. I tell you, Sir, should the Duke use me so,
His Dukeship does not a right *Gudgen* know.
Exeunt.

Enter Adrastus *and* Philanthus.

Adr. Believe me, noble *Philanthus*, there's nothing
That in the passages of life hath more contented me,
Then the happinesse of your friendship. The advantages of which,
You have now had, at this and all other exercises,
In the person of any other, would have given me cause
Of griefe and envy; but since 'twas my beloved
Philanthus, that rob'd me of the glory,
The theft was so far from displeasing,
That with the prise you won my heart too.

Phil. Your friendship, Sir, does make you attribute
To merit, that which was due unto my fortune only,
Or rather to your policy, who by permitting
Me to win this prize, thinks to encourage me
Against some others, weaker then your selfe;
And when I am growen something rich, by little victories o're them,
You'l shew, you onely let me grow to this,
That with more ease at once, you might increase your store.

Adr. In this you overcome me too, but sure in love

You cannot; I think, were I ſtill certain to enjoy
Your friendſhip, I nere ſhould think of marriage:
For to ſay true, how can there be, in vain
Phantaſtick women, halfe that contentment found,
That 's in a perfect friend.

Phil. 'Tis certain, in vain Phantaſtick women, there's no content.
But, Sir, excuſe me, if I ſay, y'are in an errour,
If you hold all women ſo.

Adr. This moves him, I'le try him farther. Are you infected with that errour,
To think, there can be any other good in women,
Than onely, that they do increaſe mankinde?

Phil. Certainly they 'r good for ſomething elſe.

Adr. Yes, to ſet debate 'twixt the deareſt friends,
To ruine husbands in their ſtates and honours,
Nay, Kingdomes, Empires; in a word, for certain,
As they bring men into the world, ſo certain
Do they ruine all our joyes.

Phil You ſpeak from malice, friend, I fear, not from judgment;
For you muſt give your opinion the lie, when you conſider,
That our Prince that governs us had a mother,
Who, whilſt ſhe lived, did govern him.

Adr. It works. She was a Queen ordained by heaven, and ſo
Indeed, that ſhe partaks none of her ſexe's
Ill, nor weakneſſes. Name another.

Phil. Shee's eaſily ſeen, did not your malice blind you;
The Princeſſe *Aurelia*.

Adr. As ſhee's a part of her divine Mother, I grant her excellent;
But that laid by, ſhee's but a woman.

Phil. But a woman, would you have her a monſter would yee?

Ad

Adr. I must close with him, I am satisfied.
How his blood stirs at naming her.
Sir, I'le admit those two to have some worth.
Phil. You had a mother Sir, and you have now a sister,
Most perfect as I hear; will you bar them
From all that's worthy?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Duke calls for you, he thinks your Lordships well
On your journey by this time.
Phil. Pray let him know no other.
Adr. Dear friend, your pardon. [*Exe. Adr. & Ser.*]
Phil. I do not like this carriage of *Adrastus*,
He makes a greater shew of love to me
Then usuall, pretending a strange hatred
Against the nobler sex of women; noble, because
Dearest *Aurelia*'s one. How blest am I,
Though I dare onely whisper to my selfe, I am beloved by her.
My plot was prosperous, & shee one of my best assistants,
To whose dear care I owe my happinesse,
For by thy means, I did receive the first hope,
That I was beloved above what she made shew of.

Enter Miranthe.

Mir. And from me you must receive assurance of the contrary.
Phil. Ha! that *Aurelia* loves me not.
Mir. Shee's so far from loving you now, that she doth hate her selfe, that e're she did
Phil. Oh! I am wretched, from what a pitch of happinesse
Thou hast thrown me in an instant, 'twas unkindly done; yet,

So

So ſoon to let me ſee thou haſt abuſed me
By thy flatteries, in this thou haſt diſturbed,
More then inform'd my judgment.

Mir. How?

Phil. For, what care I for knowledge of that truth
That brings a certain ruine?

Mir. She did love you, and may again; croſſes
love are ordinary.

Phil. Shee'l hear me ſpeak, that I may know t
cauſe,
At leaſt, of her diſpleaſure.

Mir. I know ſhe will not, her heart's ſo ſwe
with ſome offences.

Phil. I have no other comfort left me but my in
cence
Each accident doth croſſe me. To morrow I muſt
Leave the Court, to wait upon the Prince:
How ſhall I get an opportunity to ſpeak to her,
The loſſe of time will ruine me, I muſt
By Letters make her know my innocence.

Mir. When you are gone, if I can learn the cauſe
Of her diſpleaſure, I'le write.

Phil. Thou art all my comfort. *Exeu*

Enter Lucinda *and* Linda.

Luc. See, *Linda*, what I found too in my Cabine
Looking indeed for one of my dear brother,
Kinde *Adraſtus* Letters.

Lind. Believe me, Madam, the language of t
Letter,
Conſidering the ſweetneſſe of the youth that ſent
Would have moved pitty, if not procured love,
From any other, but your cruell ſelfe.

Luc. Alas, good wench, I ſee thou haſt a tender hea
In truth I would it had been writ to thee.

Lind. Well, Madam, you think none worthy b
your brother *Adraſtus*. *Lu*

Luc. I do indeed believe so; who equalls him in worth?
And till I finde one something neer him, I shall not
Think of Marriage, I assure thee; for, my beauty,
Which gives place to none, will not permit me
To accept a servant, that is not equall to the best deserver.
Lind. Madam, though naturall affection stop your ears,
Against all reports, that do not sound *Adrastus* praise;
Yet, I by others hear, *Philanthus* and the young Prince,
In all respects far prais'd above him.
Luc. Philanthus!
Lin. Why, Madam, speak you with so much scorn, hee's now
Accounted the glory of the Court, a man fram'd
Both for Love and Armes.
Luc. Pish.
Lind. You never saw him.
Luc. Nor nere desire.
Lind. Well, Madam, you are strangely averse, take heed
Love do not lay some punishment upon you,
Equall to your contempt of his great deity.
Luc. Contempt of his great deity, had he a temple
Standing near, dedicated to him, and to his
Mother both, I would go in and yerk his little worship:
Or should she say, I were not fairer then her selfe,
And more to be adored, I'de break her Statue,
And those, whom by my beauty are captive made,
Should in th'stead of it, erect my Picture, frowning too,
That any should presume to love me; yet in those
Clouds, more powerfull to draw mens hearts to my devotion,
Then she, with all her wanton blandishments. *Florish.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Duke, Adraſtus, Aurelia, *Courtiers, and Servant.*

Duk. Daughter, me thinks you'r ſad, is't for your Brothers abſence ---hee's now upon return.

Aur. I am not ſad, Sir, 'tis but your conjecture.

Duk. Adraſtus, are there no ſports, no pleaſures delight her? *Flori*

Adr. None, Sir, the Court is clouded in the abſen of the Prince.

Duk. What means this Trumpet? one go ſee.

Serv. A ſtranger Knight Sir, one that deſires to admitted to your preſence.

Enter Herald.

Duk. Wee'l hear what he demands: What would ye

Her. Great Duke, know, that this Knight is hith come,
To repair himſelfe by Armes, of an injury
He hath received; nor can he fear, ſo juſt a Prince
As your ſelfe, will break an honourable cuſtom,
That hath been ſo long us'd amongſt your Anceſtou

Duk. It cannot, nor it ſhall not be refus'd.

Her. Is *Adraſtus* in this company?

Adr. Yes, I am the man.

Her. Then, Sir, my Maſter will maintain with h life,
That you have belyed a Knight, equall to your ſelfe
In merit, in whoſe behalfe hee's come to prove,
That you have wickedly invented that,
Which you have ſaid of him.

Adr. Though I do not know your Maſter, whic might excuſe
A man of my birth; yet, confident in mine own innocence,
As having wronged no man, I do accept the Combat.

Ge

Get me my Armour, nor shall it longer be deferr'd,
There cannot be more noble witnesse.
Duk. Adrastus, I prise you too much, to suffer it.
Adr. How, Sir? then may my arms rot off, if ever I
Lift them in your service; and yet my heart
Misgives me in this occasion, more
Then ever. Push is't not before divinest.
Aurelia? I shall do wonders. *Exit.*
Aur. What can this stranger be? or what can
Be the wrong, he now seekes right of from *Adrastus*,
Whose valour makes him famous through the world?

Enter young Gudgen and his man.

T. G. Save your refulgent grace.
Duk. How now, who are you?
T. G. A poor favourit of you graces, that desires to be
better acquainted.
Duk. A favourit of mine, how came you so?
T. G. Knowing my selfe fitly qualified, and well accoutred, as they say, I made bold to venture a summe of
money.
Duk. Is this he?
Ser. Yes, Sir.
Duk. I am bound to you, it seemes you love me well,
that would buy my service, venturing in it my refusall
of yee too.
T. G. Yes, in good faith, I love yee very well; I have
heard in the Country a good report of you; besides,
y'are bound to love me too, by my place.
Duk. Who swore you, your own imagination?
T. G. Swore me, why, do you misdoubt me? I warrant yee, Sir, I'l execute it rarely.--- Stand by there,
the Duke is busie, another time hee'l hear you.
Duk. We shall be troubled with this Asse.
T. G. Take away this fellow, you hear what the
Duke saies,

Duk.

Duk. Take him away, this is not a time for fooling, I am serious.

T. G. Your grace is wise, 'tis true indeed. See the Councill-Chamber made ready, 'tis a businesse of great importance, worthy your fear. I would my old father were here, we two would advise you rarely i'faith.

Duk. Away, coxcomb.

T. G. He has a villanous head of his own, hee'l tell you how many acres of land are in your Dukedome, and never measure it.

Duke How?

T. G. Another shall measure it for him.

Cour. Away with this fool. [*strikes up Gudgens heels*]

T. G. Slight! what do you use a young Gentleman and a favourite thus, that comes out of his meer love to Court?

2. Hee's quite discouraged, that rude fellow hath spoil'd all.

1. Not a whit, if I do not raise him to a beliefe above what he had, ne're trust my skill.

T. G. 'Twas you Sir, that made me believe, I should rise at Court.

1. Why, so you do; but you are no ordinary Favourite, they rise first, and fall after commonly; but you shall rise after your fall. *Florish, Charge.*

2. 'Tis not without example. *Exeunt.*

Enter Adrastus *and* Philanthus.

Duk. Are the Knights ready?

1. Yes, Sir, see where they enter.

Duk. Then let the justice of the injured's cause protect them [*they fight.*]

1. Was ever seen a braver Combat?

Duk. 'Twere pitty to lose such Knights, perhaps their quarrell,

Truly

Truly underſtood, may not be great.
Aur. The ſtranger does appear the braver.
Duk. I fear *Adraſtus*. Sweet daughter, make tryall of your power,
To ſtay the Combat, 'tis an an office will become you.
Aur. Moſt willingly. Sir, I beſeech you hold.
Phil. Traitor, this baſeneſſe will expreſſe thee.
Aur. Hold, Sir, I adjure you by her whom you
Beſt love, give me his life.

She pulls him, and he turning ſuddenly, her fear makes her fall; he offering to help her, Adraſtus comes behind; but he recovering himſelf, laies Adraſtus at his feet.

Phil. Let him confeſſe the wrong he has baſely
Done to me, and her whom you adjure me
By; and he ſhall live by your command,
Though far unworthy to be ſo obliged.
Adr. I am dead elſe, I do, or any thing.
Phil. Live then, to be more miſerable then death could make thee.
Duk. Be carefull of *Adraſtus*, but ſee this ſtranger
Receive no injury, from any of *Adraſtus* friends.
Though ye have fought with one that we love dearly,
Yet, I ſo much admire your courteſie
And valour, that I ſhould think my Court
Much honoured by your ſtay. *Floriſh.*
Adr. Friends, if you love me or my fortunes, revenge me,
The way I leave to your diſcretion.
Friends. Enough, wee'l die or doot,
Notwithſtanding the Dukes command. *Ex. omnes*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Actus tertius.

Enter Lucinda *and* Linda.

Luc. Lighted that arm'd Knight that rid fast by, at that little house?

Lin. Hee did Maddam, this fine day hath tempt you
To walke further then you think: they say there's of Robberies done in this wood.

Luc. Alas poor wench art afraid.

Enter Adrastus, Friends.

Luc. What are these that make this haste.
Oh Maddam, theeves I feare.

1. Saw you a Knight ride by here, dear Lady ist you

Luc. Well met sir, yes I saw him, how does my brother?
Oh speak, I long to know, I dreamt of him to night.

1. Maddam I fear your brother is no more.

Luc. Ha? dead? Oh speak it not, for I shall bear him companie.

1. Rather shew us which way that Knight went, the Author of his death.
That so we may revenge his murther.

Luc. Oh heavens, murder'd? yet you are just y powers
That makes me thus the instrument of his revenge.
I will not wash this hand kercher in womanish tears,
But first in the murderers blood, then clense it again
With tears for my dear Brother.

2. But Maddam, which way went he?

Luc. Ile bring you where you cannot misse him, ti
Not long since I saw him enter a little house.
As we came walking hither.

Ex

Enter an old man, and an old woman.

Wom. Now his wounds are dreſt hee ſleeps ſoundly.
Man. Alas good gentleman, he takes our poore entertainment kindly.
He ſaid at firſt he would come hither when he went to fight.
Wom. I wonder his man that dreſt him, ſtaies ſo long.

Enter Lucinda, Linda, and friends.

'Tis not far to the next Town.
O Man. What are theſe? theeves?
1. Stop their mouths, he ſleeps, ſhal I ſtrike him dead?
Luc. No let me ſee the Murderer firſt, ſure he looks ugly.
You need not kill him, let the law ſeiſe on him.
2. Maddam I would not have him wake, hee's ſtout.
'Twil not be in our powers to compell him.
By all the gods, 'tis *Philambus*, but he ſhall die.
Luc. Stay ---- it muſt be by my hand, no other.
I am moſt injur'd, and ſo moſt intereſted in the revenge.
1. Alas you are not able.
Luc. Leave it to me, or elſe by all that's ſacred:
Ile lay you open to the Law give me your Dagger:
Retire and leave me.
1. Alas Maddam you.
Luc. Are you ſuch fooles, not to be content
To have a dangerous enterpriſe effected, and your
ves
[illegible]om danger of the Law, none will ſuſpect me.
2. [illegible]adam, if he ſhould wake.
Luc. Stay you without, and if you hear me call
For help: come in, not, otherwiſe.
1. We dare not diſobey you, her own great ſpirit
And the much love ſhe beares her brother, makes her,

Forget her sex.

1. But we shall lose your thanks, since she performs it.

2. Not a whit, he shall not know it for us, how ere.
Shee's a witness of our zeal to doo't; and we are free
From danger of the Law, if ever the deed be known.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. 'Tis done, away, he welters in his blood, leave all to me.

2. But what for these?

Luc. Fie, no, 'tis unnecessary, by giving Gold,
Ile make them speechless ever, but now I better
Think, beare them into some wood and bind them
But hurt them not.

1. Maddam, 'tis possible, your brother may not yet be dead.
How ere this act will please him much.

Lu. Not dead? this may be malice, then if it be known,
Ile Justifie the Act, if not the thanks and recompence.
Be you from him. Ile send, and know the truth of all.

Lin. Oh Maddam I never thought you could have done a wickednesse like this.
The wounds which you have given will strike
Your own soul deep one day.

Lu. Oh fool the wounds I have received are far more dangerous,
Then those that I have given.

Lin. Maddam your own hand's cutt.

Luc. 'Tis so, all the blood thou seest came only from thence.
Let me with better leasure looke on what I have preserv'd.
His travell makes him sleep sound.

Lin. Madam, how blest were you to change your cruel resolution.
Some Angell prompted you to save him from those
Murderers

Murderers, by ſeeming, as if you did your ſelfe intend
to be one.

Luc. There was no other way; but the good angell
That prompted me, was Love; 'twas ſtrange I ſhould
Be taken by a ſleeping man, that have from all eyes
That have ſeen me, almoſt baniſhed ſleep,
To think upon my beauty, which muſt be now
My part for him; for, I have loſt my ſelfe
By ſaving him, ſince I am ſiſter to his enemy.
Yet, he may love like me, when he intends revenge:
But ſhall I be ſo lovely when I ſleep, and he behold
Some ſtand ready to murder me, ſo making
Pitty uſher love into his heart, as into mine?
For all waies elſe have been before attempted
To make me amorous, none prevailed: Oh no,
It cannot be, he ſtirrs, away.
I muſt do ſomething,
What, I cannot tell:
Who loves, and dares not ſay, he lives in hell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelia *and* Miranthe.

Aur. *Miranthe*, have you known valour, and ſo
little courteſie,
meet in the perſon of one man ſo fully,
As in this Knight that overcame *Aaraſtus*?

Mir. Madam, his valour did appear to all,
But wherein he behaved himſelfe diſcourteouſly,
I am yet to learn.

Aur. What Knight but he, would have refuſed to
ſtay
Their Combat, when I, a Princeſſe,
Not to be contemn'd, beſought him?

Mir. Oh, Madam, how unjuſt you are, ſince you
accuſe him
In that, wherein you ought to thank him?
You ſaw, when through your fear you fell, he turn'd
To take you up, by which he did receive

A wound, I fear too mortall, by that moſt baſe
Adraſtus; and if he had given o're the Combat
Afterward, when you deſired, his enterpriſe
Had been moſt vain from the beginning:
Adraſtus had not then confeſt, that you or any
Might have heard, the lies he had invented.
But *Philanthus* is moſt unfortunate, to have
His beſt deſervings ſtill miſinterpreted.

Aur. How! was't *Philanthus* that fought? me thought indeed,
The voice was his, but he being thought ſo far off,
Kept me from being certain.

Mir. It ſcap'd my tongue before I was aware,
Now I muſt make it good. Yes, Madam, it was *Philanthus*,
To whom I did give notice in a Letter,
How much *Adraſtus* injured you and him,
By ſaying, *Philanthus* boaſted of the great love
You bare him, in every place, and that you partly did
Believe, he ſpake but truth, which was the cauſe
Of your diſpleaſure.

Aur. Is't then *Philanthus* hath done me this diſpleaſure?
Durſt he put my honour on the hazzard of fortune?
Durſt he capitulate and make conditions,
When I did beg *Adraſtus* life? am I ſo miſerable,
That I was gladder to receive, then he to give
What I did ask?

Mir. Oh poor *Philanthus*, how happy art thou, if the wound
Thou didſt receave, helping her up, have freed
Thee from thoſe greater torments, which her cruelty
Prepares, in recompence of all thy faithfull ſervices.
But, Madam, when I think on't, did not you ſay,
He was to right himſelfe with his ſword, if he knew
No other remedy; and with more ſecrecy, or more
Diſcretion,

Discretion, it was to bar the action, all
Thinking *Philanthus* to be far hence,
Even when he drew their eyes to wonder at his valour.

Aur. Peace, no more of him, you praise him without cause.

Mir. Without cause?
When as his death, caus'd by your cruelty,
More then his wounds, shall make the world know,
'Twas he that overcame *Adrastus*, and for your sake,
As well as for his own. How will the vertuous
People tax you, of your great injustice?

Aur. I must confesse, I should be very sorry his death
Should give the world a knowledge of my follies.

Mir. Be not you cruell to him, and prevent it.

Aur. Nay, let him love himself, and save me a labour.

Mir. Madam, he cannot love that, which he thinks you hate.

Aur. Hee's neither worthy of my hate nor love.

Mir. Madam, 'tis impossible there should be that indifferency
Towards *Philanthes*, whom you must either love,
Or hate extreamly.

Enter Agenor.

Aur. Well then, I do not hate him, my brother; upon your life
Let him not know, that I do know the stranger was
Philanthus. *Miranthe*, seek not to excuse him, hee's a most
Discourteous Knight, and I do hate him deadly.

Age. Who's that shee speaks of?

Mir. The stranger-Knight.

Age. Believe me, sister, you had no reason.

Aur. Well, Sir, I know mine own reasons best.

Age. But, sister, when you hear mine, which are stronger,

You'l be of another minde.

Aur. You may as ſoon perſwade the fixed Starrs
To move, as me from my opinion. 'Twas ſure
Some inchantment that overcame *Adraſtus.*

Age. Then you'l abandon reaſon quite, this truely ſhowes,
You women think your foes your friends, your friends your foes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philanthus, *and* Lucinda's *Servants.*

Phil. Villains, for what reſpect is't, that you do preſerve
Me longer to torment me? why did you not rather
Kill me, when you found me ſleeping firſt?

Ser. 'Twas not in our commiſſion, you are reſerved to feel
A thouſand torments, to which death is a pleaſure.

Phil. From what perſon living have I deſerved ſuch uſage?

Ser. I'le let you know your miſery, the more to torment you.
Know, that we are ſervants to a Lady, the moſt malitious
And deformed, that ever lived; ſo great
An enemy to vertue, that 'tis her onely ſtudy
To deſtroy thoſe men in whom it doth inhabit.
Her vigilancy for miſchiefe is ever buſie.
It ſeemes ſhe hath found you out to wreak her ſpight upon,
Intending here to keep you ever, except ſhe ſhall
Prove mercifull, and kill you.

Phil. If her hate to me onely proceed from a beliefe,
That I am vertuous, it ſeems ſhe knowes me not,
I am not ſuch. But if thou beeſt a gentle villain,
Tell me, where I am:

Ser. Far from the houſe, in which we found you ſleeding, And

And now in the most loathed Prison, that ever eyes
Beheld, if eyes can be of use in so much darkness;
Your chiefest companions must be Toads, Snakes,
And Froggs, except two villains sometimes, as now, ready stand,
To inflict torments, that cannot be expresst.
Phil. Oh that I could but see, and were unloos'd, that with my fist
I might reward thee for this kinde relation.
Ser. Screech Owles and Ravens, shall fill thy ears continually
With dismall sounds. Hark. *Recorders.*
Phil. Sure some power, pitying the misery that I must suffer,
Gives me this farewell to all happinesse.
Ser. Now begins your torments, but that they may be more
Sensible, let him see him his misery. [*they unvail him.*
Phil. Amazment seizes me, is this a loathed Prison?
Or this the harsh and dismall notes of wicked birds?
Or look these men as they would stab, rather adore me.
What do I fool my selfe, this is a dream.
I am sure asleep.
Ser. Propose your wishes, and we are ready to effect them,
As far as lies in human power.
Phil. This is no dream, I am awake, this is my hand,
And these my hairs, I feel pain, now I pull them.
Sure 'tis a vision, or worse inchantment; the wicked Mistresse
Of this house, to all her other ills, is certainly a witch.

Enter Lucinda.

I am confirmed 'tis so, for here she comes,

Changed in a form equall to *Aurelia*, and far more
Gently does she look upon me, than she did at our parting.

Luc. Sir, you are welcome, if there be defect in any thing,
It comes from negligence of servants, not from my will.

A valiant Knight, and flie thus from a Lady!

Phil. What should I fear, she cannot hurt my mind
With all her art, how ere she may my person.
Besides, shee'l change her form, and look before she do me ill.
This shape can nought produce, that can offend.

Luc. Pray you sir, sit.

Phil. I will.

Luc. Not so far off, if you please.

Phil. You think I fear.

Luc. No, Sir; but I perceive, you are not confident of what you see.
Sir, recollect your self; for what you heard
Before from these, was but what I directed,
With an intent indeed, to set off, as with a foil,
This mean but hearty entertainment.

Phil. I dare not trust you, you speak too well,
To mean well, since I am a stranger,
And no way have deserved these favours.

Ser. My Lady, Sir, hath told you truth.

Luc. Save your pains, leave us, I'le clear his understanding. *Exeunt Servants.*

Phil. The danger now approches, if she be a witch.
Wickednesse desires no witnesse.

Luc. Sir, if ere you lov'd, which yet I wish you had not,
Then the discourse I am to make, will with more ease
Approach your understanding, and soon gain belief,

I am a Lady as you see, not much deform'd;
The Servants and the stuff here are not borrowed,
Nor will it hurt my state thus daily to entertain
Such, as I make my friends; and such my birth is,
As bids me live thus without tax of pride.
I am mine own disposer, no Parents to blame
My disobedience, though my choice should only
Please my selfe: They live not, or if they did,
My fortune was not wholly left by them.

Phil. You are in a happy state, since you have power
To make some noble spirit fortunate, and you in him.
Sure she is really what she relates.

Luc. I might have been most happy, if my unlucky Starrs
Had not in one particular croſt me.

Phil. Your courtesie obliges me, to ask you wherein?
I vow she weeps, the tears, like Orientall Pearls,
Drop from her eyes, making a path down
Her most lovely cheeks, that may direct the looker on,
If lost in wonder, as I am, to finde the way
Back to those heavenly springs, from whence all treasure
Flowes, rich above *Tagus*, or what poets ever fain'd.
Speak, gentle Lady, why this sorrow?

Luc. They are not tears of sorrow, but of anger,
To see my liberty thus lost, that liberty,
Which I have so much prised, as some have thought
There was just cause to think me proud, and then to lay
My selfe and all my fortunes, even at mine enemies feet.
Oh misery, have I not cause, think you, to weep,
And curse my cruell Stars, that force me to do this?

Phil.

Phil. I must confesse, 'tis a hard fate for to be subject
To ones enemy: But sure your merits have the power to turn
That enmity to friendship, if you please.
Be plain, and let me know your meaning;
And, with the hazard of my life, I'le serve you.

Luc. Then thus: I hated you above all creatures living,
The cause seek not to know, for 'tis impossible; nay, came
With an intent to see you murder'd; but when I saw you,
Though you then slept, the graces all, me-thought,
Dwelt in you face, and so protected you from harm;
That I that came with all that malice, became
Your sole preserver, and not content with that, streight way
I made you absolute commander of me and mine.

Phil. You amaze me.

Luc. But not intending that you e're should know me,
Nor the place of my abode, if you return'd not love,
I made my servants bring you thus blind-fold
Hither, lest you might boast my love hereafter.

Phil. Madam, 'tis a most strange discourse that you have made,
And yet you so deliver it, that I must think it
Truth; but what to answer, I am ignorant.
'Tis best I should be plain, since you desire to be so.
Then must you know, that my unhappy Starrs
Make me uncapable to receive the unequall treasure,
Which you offer in your rich selfe. A Lady, like your selfe,
To say more fair, were false, hath long since rob'd
Me of the power, to be my own disposer.

Luc.

Luc. I fear'd indeed, that so much worth as you are
Master of,
Could not be undispos'd of, since where's that woman
Would not use her utmost art, to gain a servant,
That she might so justly glory in. I desire to know
Her name yet, that I may pay her beauty and her wisdome,
That respect it merits, for loving you.
Phil. Madam, I must not; but, trust me, shee's too wise to love
Me still, for she hath found me no ſ of late, much much
Defective; but I do hope, my constancy will
Make supply; for, I vow, my affection and my life have
But one date.
Luc. Say you so, this protestation hath much lessened
The opinion I held of your worth: Perhaps you say
This, to avoid my importunity, which I do too much
Apprehend I am no ravisher; may be, when you shall see
Some greedily pursue what you do, with such scorn, refuse,
And those perhaps your equalls, you'l finde too late,
You fondly have pursued your misery, and fled
From a great happinesse, and begin to make you
Feel your folly. I'le tie you to this hard condition,
As I believe you will account it.
Phil. What is't, Lady? there's but one womans threatning,
That can affright me.
Luc. Say you so, I'le try that; tell me that womans name,
The place of her abode, or by my hopes of happinesse,
I'le make you the most miserable man alive;

For,

For, you shall never see again, what you so covet t
enjoy.

Phil. You are witty in your anger, this is no effe
of that great love,

That you profest; it may be, time will make me
Better know your worth. Me-thinks you look mor
lovely

Then you did, though at the first fair.

Luc. Oh Sir, do you begin to flatter: Her name, he
name,

And with it, liberty; if you deny, to prison.

Phil. No other way.

Luc. None, as I live; can you expect from me, tha
injur'd,

Any favour? Could I invent a way more to afflict you,
You should be sure to feel it.

Phil. What shall I do? the choice is hard:
How can this any way advantage you?

Luc. If she be more deserving than my selfe,
I shall not then repine to be refused; if lesse,
Contemn you for your folly; and do not fear,
That I will make another partner of
The secret, which may be troubles you.

Phil. If I have not lost it, I am happy; read the di-
rection of this Letter.

Luc. Let's see't.

Phil. Aurelia made me so direct my Letters, so to
deceive,

If any by misfortune should be seen.

Luc. To the fair hands of the most admired *Lucinda*.
How's this? he must not see my blushing, this cannot be.
It may; How? I am transported betwixt joy and fear?
Swear by the gods, *Lucinda* is the creature you most
affect.

Phil. There's no help, shee's too wise to be deceived.

Luc.

Luc. Come, ſwear.

Phil. By *Aurelia*'s ſelfe, the greateſt oath, I lvoe no other then *Aurelia*.

Luc. All my hopes thus again vaniſht. You are free

Enter Servants.

and I the moſt unfortunate. Sir, you muſt be contented,

They bear you back as you came hither; and think,

What you have ſeen or heard, was but a dream. [*Exit.*

Phil. Thus I refuſe, cruell *Aurelia*, for thy ſake,

A beauty, that the powerfull gods might rivalls make.

Ser. Sir, we muſt bear you many leagues hence.

Phil. Even where you pleaſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Courtiers.

1. He's ſtark mad, with the conceit of his Favourits place.

2. You'l ne're make him know himſelfe.

1. The better: you ſee, he makes good ſport at Court.

2. Take heed, it may be there are ſome that do believe you brought him to mock them.

1. If there be any there ſo ſimple to believe that, then have perſonated thoſe I know not of, & I am glad on't

2. I, but to touch upon the name or actions of a Favourit, may bear equall danger with thoſe of Princes.

1. If this fool Favourit of ours do trouble any other, ell them, that Jewells receive their luſtre from a foyl; then not ſatisfied, they're neer a kin to him in judgent, and envious to me; yet, I forgive them, knowg their malice cannot hurt my innocence, who raer wiſh to receive an injury my ſelfe, then touch at by, whoſe fooling is not their greateſt merit; I mean,

their

their onely hope of rising. Here comes our Gallant.

Enter Gudgen and his Man.

Y. G. Tell my Lords man, I am wondrous busie, and cannot speak with him these two hours.

Man, I will, an't please your honour. He's stark mad, but I must humour him.

2. What Lord's man?

1. There's none to speak with him, 'tis his fancy.

Y. G. In good faith, Sir, I cannot do't for you.

Man. I am very sorry for't.

Y. G. I must not waste my stock of favour, on so unreasonable businesses. Greater profit. I, ye say true, I know it will be the greater profit: But, Sir, 'twill likewise raise much envy against me, and I am not very well setled; the great men apprehend the danger of my rising, and study how to give a stop to all my hopes.

Man. Very like, Sir.

Y. G. Oh, Sir, assure your selfe, in any other thing I shall be ready to serve you. Farewell, noble Sir.

Man. Now I must go.

Y. G. Pox o'this coxcomb, why does he trouble me? Yet, 'tis good policy to speak him fair to his face, I may have use of him. Please your grace, this is a friend of mine, a deserving man.

Man. Alas, Sir.

Y. G. I humbly thank your grace. Your suit is granted.

Man. Is it?

Y. G. But with great difficulty. Sir, this mans suit is most impertinent, himself an idle, ill natur'd, and seditious fellow; I have known him long. Away, y'are sawcy. Madam, your husband shall have the place, I vow 'tis for your sake onely. Command you? no Madam. I'le wait on you at your lodging, sweet Madam

dam. Gentlemen, you must pardon me, I cannot hear you now, you see his grace hath sent for me in haste, pray tell him that I come. You are i portunate, Get the Coach there hoe.

Man. Yes, Sir. *Exeunt.*

2. This is direct madnesse, and yet he speaks more sense, than ere he did in his life, but that he speaks to no body.

1. Nay, th'Ass is strangely mixt; sometimes he will have flarts of wit, that would almost cousen a man.

2. He would passe for a very accomplished Gentleman amongst some women; but that his hoping to be a Favourit discovers him.

Enter Gudgen and his Man.

T. G. Slave, not my Coach ready?

2. What, the scene's chang'd now, the Lady is Sprat again.

T. G. My Coach, thou cur.

Man. How many horses, Sir?

T. G. Six, thou peasant.

Man. An't please your honour, will not Cut, and your father's dung-Cart serve to day, I'le be the Coachman.

T. G. Be dumb, thou traitor, dost thou not know, Obedience, not advice, belongs to servants; but I will teach thee how to be malepert, thou Brock.

1. Nay, Sir, for this time let me beg his pardon; besides, Sir, spend not your rage so poorly. Hark you, Sir.

T. G. How?

1. It must be so, your reputation is in danger else; a Favourit must be noble, of a great spirit, careless of danger.

T. G. Why, Sir, then I am right; I care so little for danger,

danger, I would ne're come near it; and if danger approach me, it had better keep farther off, it ſhall be ſure of cold entertainment.

1. You are wiſe, Sir, I believe it.

T. G. Wiſe, I would have you know,
Ere all be done, the world ſhall think me ſo.

1. I, Sir, we find the weight of it. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actûs tertii.

Actus quartus.

Enter Philanthus.

Phil. HOW ſtrange a fortune have I run, ſince I did leave
The Court; but it moſt vexes me, to be ungratefull to
Her, that ſav'd my life, though not by love; yet there
Might be ſome other way to ſerve her, did I know
Her name. Why, ſure me thinks I'me free, ſince 'tis her will,
That barrs me from the means, to know her. I have
No comfort left, but in the faithfull friendſhip of the Prince.
His Siſter is become cruell, I fear unconſtant,
Adraſtus, how will he entertain me?

Enter Adraſtus.

Adr. Ha, is't his ghoſt, or he himſelfe? he lives! my hopes are vain.

Phil. What means he, he cannot ſuſpect 'twas I that overcame him.

Adr. I muſt diſſemble. My deareſt friend, where have you been

Theſe

These many daies? How it joyes me to have you in
these arms?
A Serpent or a Fury had been more welcome.
The Court, Sir, languishes in your absence, and reason,
Wanting you, the lustre of it.
Phil. Rather in your sickness, Sir; Now you are
well, it will recover quickly.
Adr. You have heard, it seemes, of my dysaster.
Phil. I heard, Fortune envying your worth, became
your enemy.
But, was the Combat equall, had he no odds in Horse
nor Armes?
Adr. Something there was in that, but my respect to
the Princesse
Was most prejudiciall to me; yet since, she hath
Requited me, with so much love and care of my health,
That I esteem my selfe most happy to have received
those wounds,
And with them, such assurance of her affection.
Phil. How's this?
Adr. I'l vex his soul with jealousie?
Phil. It cannot be.
Adr. If he accuse me for these words, I'le combat
him,
And so recover my honour lost, or lose my life.
'Twas fortune, not his valour, that o'recame me.
Phil. Oh woman, woman, what art thou?
Adr. Philanthus, what is't that troubles you? if any
secret griefe,
Discover it to me, whom you may boldly trust;
For I have told you, what to no other creature
Living I would discover, though wrack'd.
Phil. I am wrack'd indeed.
Adr. Come, speak man, be free, my friendship to
you does command it.

Phil. I am of a ſudden ſick.

Adr. And that's my caſe: How I could hug my ſelfe for this?

Phil. Your pardon, Sir, I am not very well, I'le to my Chamber.

Adr. Shall I wait on you?

Phil. By no means. *Exit.*

Adr. A fine excuſe, alaſſe poor ſhallow lover.
Fortune, why doſt thou thus aſſiſt an ignorant
Againſt me? Why ſhould ſhe love him, and neglect me
Thus, that am ſo much in Art his Maſter? he has a ſmoother face,
And more youth about him; th'Adamants,
That draw a giddy Lady. I ſee him comming back,
I do not like it; I'le make as if I did not ſee him.

Enter Philanthus.

Phil Friend. He goes away: *Adraſtus.*

Adr. I cannot hear. *Exit.*

Phil. He will not hear. How baſe a wretched thing
Is a diſſembler of which *Adraſtus* is the chiefe.
With what a ſhew of love he entertain'd me,
As if his ſoul were joy'd at ſight of me;
When by the lie he did invent of me, and of the Princeſſe,
I know he hates me: What a madneſſe is it then in me,
To believe that, which he ſpoke of her love to him;
He's ſure too cunning to diſcover it, if it were true,
To me eſpecially. Child that I was, I now finde out his plot,
Suffering my paſſion to give him an aſſurance
Of my affection to *Aurelia*, which before
He onely could ſuſpect. --See the ſweet Prince.

Enter

Enter Agenor.

Age. Thou partner of my soul, where hast thou been?
Phil. Oh Sir, the strangest fortune hath befalln me, since
I received your Letter, that ever man encountred,
Too long to be told you now. But how go matters at Court?
What say they of the stranger, I mean, of me?
Age. My sister most unjustly hates you, and no perswasions
Can as yet alter her, as y'are a stranger too.
I left her with a Gipsie and his daughter, who tells
The strangest things that e're were heard; indeed he tels
You almost what you can desire to know, mens fortunes past,
And, I think, that which is to come too, if he please:
Sure hee's really a Conjurer;
Phil. I long to see and talk with this rare man,
But more your beautious sister, if she will dain
To cast her heavenly eyes on so despis'd a subject.
Age. Come, fear it not, time will pacifie that unjust anger,
That she conceiv'd against you.
Phil. I fear she is unconstant.
Age. If she love any other, nay, if she love not *Philanthus*,
She's no more my sister, but in name; a stranger
To my blood and my affection.
Phil. I do fear, if there be any body by, they'l discover
By my distemper, the affection, which except to your dearselfe,
I have from all concealed.
Age. It shall be as you desire it. Come, leave these down-cast looks;

I could complain of my hard fate in love;
Here's a greater witneſſe of my Miſtreſſe ſcorn than ever,
She almoſt ſwears here never to love me;
There was ſome hope before, but I forget.
Each one in his owne cauſe is tedious,
Taxes an other that's guilty in the ſame. *Exeunt*

Enter Aurelia, Adraſtus, Miranthe, Linda, *and a Gipſie.*

Aur. Come, Sir, what can you ſay to this hand?

Gip. You have been much in love, and there was cauſe
You ſhould be ſo, your ſervant was moſt worthy.
But you of late have been unkinde, perhaps
You love another; I can, but will not tell you at this time.

Aur. This is partly truth. Shew him your hand.

Mir. I defie him to tell any thing of me.

Gip. Y'are a good dull ſoul, you neither think of love nor hate;
To wait upon your Lady is all your pleaſure.

Aur. In troth 'tis true.

Lind. Pray, Sir, look on mine.

Gip. Y'are wondrous amorous, and have already chang'd
Three Servants, the better for the worſe ſtill.

Aur. Upon my knowledge, Sir, you have told moſt certain truth.

Enter Agenor.

Age. 'Save yee, ſiſter. Can this man tell any thing?
Sir, ſhew your skill on me, but to my ſelfe;
I would not have them heare what you conjecture:
More I know you cannot of no mans fortune.

Gip. You'l ſtraight believe the contrary, your hand's

So

So eaſie, that I could almoſt tell every particular
Of your whole life; at leaſt, your paſſages
Of love, which is the skill that I profeſſe.

Age. Let's hear.

Aur. Adraſtus, hath he ſeen your hand yet?

Adr. No, Madam, 'tis to no purpoſe, he can tell nothing.

Aur. I am not of your minde. It ſeemes my brother
Will not have us know his fortune.

Gip. You were in love at ſeven years old, as much as that age
Could admit, and have continued the moſt conſtant living,
Upon the ſmalleſt hopes; and 'tis not long ſince
You received a great diſcouragment, yet ſtill you love,
And much I fear in vain.

Age. 'Tis true, this makes me admire your skill.

Gip. You are as true a friend, as y'are a lover too,
And you in that will be unfortunate.

Age. It is impoſſible.

Gip. I may fail, but I ſpeak according to my art.

Adr. What think you of him?

Age. I think him a rare man.

Adr. I'le ſee if he can make me think him ſo.
Now, Sir, ſhall I intreat you to ſhew your skill.

Gip. You will not have me ſpeak aloud.

Adr. Why not aloud?

Gip. I will not; you have been a lover more then once, and ſtill
Unfortunate: firſt, by your own unconſtancy, your quarells
Too, have been no advancement to your reputation lately;
And more diſgraces ſhall light on you, till you return
Unto your firſt affection: the gods are much diſpleaſed.

Be good, and reconcile your ſelfe to heaven.

Adr. A ſtrange fellow, but I'le ſeem to contemn him.

The moſt ignorant might have told what he tells me,

Of which number I believe him one.

Gip. Say you ſo, pray let me ſee your hand once more.

Adr. Well, Sir.

Gip. Your own arme being too weak to defend you againſt your enemy,

I finde, you baſely have employed the armes of others.

Adr. Ha!

Gip. I finde ſomething like a murder written in this Line.

Adr. This fellow is a devill; beſides, I ſee my falſhood does not thrive.

Aur. What ſaies he to you?

Adr. He is indeed a rare man, and I recant,

And much eſteem him and his skill.

Age. I ſee he has told you things that pleaſe you.

Adr. He has ſo. *Exit.*

Age. Sifter, if you love me.

Aur. Well, you know I can deny you nothing; I would not ſee him elſe.

How I long to ſpeak with him, yet I'le torment him too.

It troubles me to think, my brother divides

The channell of his love, which elſe would wholly

Run in one continued ſtream to me.

Enter Agenor.

I eſteem you learned above all thoſe I ever ſaw or heard of.

This evening, Sir, wee'l talk at better leaſure.

Now I deſire all to retire and leave me. [*Exeunt Gipſie, and Maids.*

Now

Now, brother, where is *Philanthus*?
Age. Friend.

Enter Philanthus.

Phil. How I tremble: Were I to enter Combat againſt a Lion,
Nay, againſt an Hoſte of men, me-thinks I ſhould not
Be thus fearfull. I know, 'tis not my part
To play the paſſionate Lover, ſhee'l laugh at me.
But I have loſt that power I had over my paſſion,
By her unkindneſſe, nor can I hide the ſorrows of my heart. { *ſhe offers to go away.*
Age. Whither, ſiſter, did not you promiſe to hear him?
Aur. Whom?
Age. Philanthus.
Aur. Yes; but I ſee nothing but a ſtatue, there's neither
Sound nor motion comes from that.
Phil. It is your cruelty that hath transform'd me then.
Dear Madam, tell me, from what can grow this alteration?
If any falſe report have done it, 'tis great injuſtice
To believe an enemy wronging a friend, and not
To hear that friend firſt anſwer for himſelfe.
Aur. Philanthus, I do not complain at all, why do you go about
To juſtifie your ſelfe, before you be accuſed?
Phil. Madam, why am I then baniſhed from
Your preſence, and your favour?
Aur. 'Twas your occaſion drew you from the Court,
For ought I know; and for my favour, I never
Doated on you, nor do I hate you now.

Age. Yet, ſiſter, this cold anſwer does not become
That love, which you, on my knowledge, deſir'd,
That he ſhould think you bear him.

Aur. Brother, I muſt acknowledge, that I love and honour *Philanthus* merits;
But yet, I take it, I never ſo far did engage my ſelfe,
As not to be my own diſpoſer; and you too far
Intereſt your ſelfe, in being more a friend to him than me.

Age. As how?

Aur. You blind my judgment, which ſhould wholly direct me in my choice:
For he whom you commend of reaſonable parts,
Muſt from me gain reſpect above the beſt deſerver.
And much I wonder, that *Philanthus* will call in queſtion
His own merits, for ſo he does in my opinion, to uſe you,
As a ſecundary means, ſince if he be a man deſerves my love,
I hope he thinks, that I have wit to know it.

Phil. Madam, 'twere ignorance in me, or any other, to plead other
Deſert, than readineſſe to obey; and fortune enviouſly
To me, hath ſtill denyed ſuch an occaſion, as might let you ſee,
The greateſt danger ſhould to me ſeem none,
Where I might hope to do you any ſervice.

Aur. Your promiſes are large, and I may perhaps
Meet with employment.

Phil. Madam, if ſo, I ſhall beleeve my ſelfe moſt happy.

Age. Well, dear ſiſter, uſe him kindly.

Aur. Brother, you did deſire, that I ſhould give him hearing,

None

None by but you: I will exceed that favour,
And wish to enjoy his company alone; pray leave us.
Age. Most willingly. *Exit.*
Aur. You may stay, Sir, if you please, except you fear
To be alone with me.
Phil. Madam, why fear, what danger?
Aur. More then you think, I must impart a business to you
In which I shall make tryal of
The great love that you professe.
Phil. I am blest, if you be serious; though I should
Perish in what you employ me, I must
Account my end most fortunate.
Aur. You must swear to perform what I enjoyne you,
According to your power.
Phil. Madam, I vow't, if it be not against mine honour.
I value you above my life, but lesse then that.
Aur. Well.
Phil. One exception more, and then be what it will.
Aur. What's that?
Phil. Not to command me to cease to love you.
Aur. Oh! fear it not; and yet I will not promise to love you,
Not when you have performed, what I shall now enjoyne;
Yet, I confesse, the service will be most acceptable:
Nor must you make my Brother, though your dearest friend,
Partaker of the secret.
Phil. That's worst of all.
Aur. Swear.

Phil.

Phil. I do.

Aur. Then know, that I do hate that Knight, that overcame *Adraſtus*,
More then I love my beauty or my health.

Phil. How?

Aur. This cannot chuſe but pinch him. And do enjoyne you
By your oath, to find him out, and ſo deliver him into my hands,
That I may have ſtill power to puniſh him as I think fit.

Phil. And, Madam, wherefore do you hate him? I heard,
His actions did not deſerve it.

Aur. For his diſcourteſie, and neglect of me.

Phil. Know you of what Country he is?

Aur. No.

Phil. Oh, Madam, I finde your plot, you know you ſhall
Still be importuned by my love, which will
Not give me leave, to let you live in peace;
And therefore you have ſet me on this uſeleſſe task.
You are witty in your cruelty.

Aur. Not onely ſo, for I deſire to be reveng'd upon that Knight.

Phil. Will't content you if I kill him?

Aur. No, his puniſhment I reſerve unto my ſelf,
The way to bring him hither, to your own diſcretion;
By force, or by entreaty, as you pleaſe. And ſo I leave you.
Think on your oath, remember too I promiſe no reward.

Phil. Nor may I hope one neither.

Aur. You are your own diſpoſer.

Phil.

Phil. At least allow me this encouragement.
Why should I strive to please this scornfull she, that hates me;
Nay, hates me, when I do deserve all love?
The beautious Lady of the Castle did not so.
Am I not by the gods thus punished, for my ingratitude to her? yes
Certainly, she sav'd my life: Her beauty is not much inferiour,
Her wit seemes equall; how e're, she ought
To be esteemed by me much more. But where's she,
Or what is she, I know not, onely
I feel her growing here, here, [*flourish*] in my heart.

Enter Duke, Agenor, Aurelia, *Courtiers.*

Duk. This custome shall no longer be of use;
The last Combat was granted, it seemes,
Hath drawn on this.
Age. Your Court will be dishonoured by the refusall.
Shall it be said, You protect those, who do wrong
To others, when the guilt perhaps makes them
Too feeble to defend themselves.
Duk. Well, be it as you will, I am innocent
Of any blood, that shall this day be shed.
Age. Let the Knight enter.

Enter Gudgen and his Man.

Duk. How, *Gudgen* my favourit? nay, then there's no great danger: Meant you 'twas he? Which of the women will he challenge?
Aur. Nay rather, how many men at all these weapons.

Y. G. Speak your prose first, and see you be not ou
before you begin your leggs.

Man. No, I warrant you, Sir, I'le make my firre
rences very sweetly.

Age, Something long a beginning.

Y. G. Take heed your tongue do not discover you.

Man. No, nor my tail neither, I warrant you, as I
tell it.

Y. G. Remember, born a great way off.

Man. I, I, and not christened; for you are a Tur
you know.

Aur. Now he begins.

Man. Most doughty Duke. Master, what must I c
you?

Y. G. Coxcomb.

Man. Oh!

Y. G. Shouldst not name me.

Man. Most doughty Duke, my Master Coxcom
whom you see.

Y. G. Oh slave.

Man. Is come to Court, to shew his chivalry
gainst.

Y. G. Speak softly.

Man. Against speak-softly, servant to your grace.

Y. G. Bernardo, servant to your grace, you fool.

Man. Bernardo, servant to your grace, you fool
whom if he be within this dismall place, I him defi
throwing the monstrous lie into his ugly throat.

Age, Good poetry.

Man. And should he come, I would not be in
coat:

For sure my Master, who is come thus far,
Will kill him dead, before he be aware.
I am his mouth, and I do tell you from him,
My Master, if he come, will soundly bum him.

Y. G.

Y. G. Wooll a?

Man. And therefore keep away, if you be wise;
Till I my Trumpet have forth-sounded thrice.

Phil. Me-thinks the Knight should speak for him-
elfe.

Y. G. I do not understand a word of your language.

Duk. Hard luck, how far was your Knight born?

Y. G. Be sure you say far enough, they'l know me
e.

Man. I warrant ye. Beyond the worlds end.

Age. How many miles may that be?

Man. Forty good miles, and more. His Father?

Y. G. Peace, sound again, I am in some fear.

Aur. Hee'l learn to speak anone.

Y. G. It seemes the enemy dares not approach; if he
o, I'le send him after those ten Knights that I kill'd in
hrace, singly, man after man, though they assaulted
e all at once.

Phil. That's strange.

Y. G. I, at one blow, with this rusty sword, rusty
ith being continually imbrued in blood of bruitish
asts,

Man. Indeed he kill'd a mad Bullock once.

Y. G. Clove to the teeth a monstrous high and migh-
mastiff Dog, of a Leminian Lion's hide.

Age. A Cow's perhaps, his father was a Butcher.

Y. G. Sound the third time. Not yet, how base is
, that dares do injurie, but much more base, that
res not justifie his wickednesse. Not yet?

Phil. Now he speaks plain.

Y. G. I with this Gun have kill'd a monstrous
ren.

Man. He come! Hang him coward.

Y. G. Oh that he durst, then would I. What noise
hat?

Man.

Man. Nothing.

T. G. I thirst for blood, if there be any here.

Aur. To drink, would he have it?

T. G. That dare according to antient books, maintain the beauty of his Lady against mine. Since the enemy dare not appear, I must be in action.

Age. Where's yours? (*Flourish.*

T. G. My squire here shal be she, my valour shal supply that which wants in beauty.

Duk. None dares. I am weary of this fool.

T. G. Dare none encounter me, march quite away!
He's come, but 'tis too late, I scorn to stay.

Duk. What did you come for?

T. G. I will tell you the secret, I did come hither
no end,
And I do mean to depart to as little purpose.
Therefore like other Knights, that make a show
In glittering Armour, as I came I go. { *Exeunt Gua.*

Phil. Call him back again, hee's a { *& his Man.*
rank coward.

Duk. No, let him alone, I'me weary; besides
day is far spent,
And we do lose much better sport; nor were it well
To have him so discouraged.

Aur. Pray, Sir, let me enjoy your friend *Gudgeon's*
company sometimes.

1. C. Madam, I'le fit him the best I can to make you
sport.

Aur. If *Philanthus* conceal from *Agenor*
What I enjoyn'd, he loves me more then him,
Which I shall much rejoyce in. { *Exeunt, manet*
Phil. & Age.

Age. Is this your friendship?

Phil. Do not accuse me, where I am not guilty.
The secret is not mine, that's trusted by another in
me:

And when it does concern them more then me,
Yet so much I am touched, that I do burst
With a desire to tell you.
Age. Why do you not?
Phil. She bound me by an oath to the contrary, most cunningly;
For else, she knew I would have told it, you.
Age. Philanthus, I see she hath wholly won you from me,
And I am glad you need not use my friendship further.
Which of you two to accuse of most unkindnesse,
I know not well. For me, I should not have entertain'd
The knowledge of a secret, on a condition so prejudiciall
To our friendship.
Phil. 'Twere great injustice in you, if't should.
A perjur'd man would ill become your friendship.
Age. You tell it to no man in telling me.
Phil. Had not her tongue, her action did enjoyn me
To keep it from your
Knowledge of all men; you saw, she did desire your absence.
Age. Perhaps she fear'd to speak before me, that which yet she would
Be well content, that I should know from you.
Phil. If I have friendship, the knowledge of it, if you love me,
Would more afflict you, than my denyalls does.
Age. Such an excuse does worst of all. farewell.
Phil. Sure *Aurelia* so much hates me, that she envies me
That happinesse of her brothers friendship, and onely
Did invent this plot to break it. Stay, Sir, I'le give you proof

That

That I dare truſt you with a ſecret, and you will
Say, a ſtrange one though not this.
Age. Well, what is't?
Phil. I do not love your ſiſter.
Age. How!
Phil. No otherwiſe then as ſhe is your ſiſter.
Age. This makes me more ſuſpect your friendſhip.
Phil. Why ſhould you think I love her, ſince ſhe hates me,
And laies plots to deprive me of your friendſhip,
Which, by the gods, I priſe above what happineſſe
Women can bring me.
Age. This proteſtation makes me think, you do not love indeed.
Phil. Be not miſtaken, I do love.
Age. Whom?
Phil. Remember my paſt fortune with the beautious Lady
Of the Caſtle, and you will finde, that I have cauſe
To be a Lover, if only out of gratitude.
Your ſiſter's cruelty hath made my reaſon
Once more Maſter of my will; and being ſo;
I cannot chuſe, but ſee my former folly,
In hoping to enjoy ſo abſolute a creature
As *Aurelia* is, whom heaven ordaines
For one of greater merits; the gods had been
Indeed unjuſt, to make unworthy me the centre,
Where ſo much worthy loves ſhould meet, the leaſt
Of which, is ſure to make the beſt deſerver happy.
Age. Philanthus, my friendſhip's of that nature, that it does
Glew me unto your deſignes; and ſince I ſee
My ſiſter hath given over to deſerve your love,
I muſt confeſſe, I think you could not place it with more reaſon,

That

Than on this Lady. 'Tis true, that I would have thee still a Lover
Like my selfe, for so you'l hear me, and not laugh,
When I deplore my misery in love; and I do glory,
To be found more constant than you are. The scorns
Of my Mistresse have not altered me; I think
It vice to change, how ere she uses me.

Phil. Rather 'tis vice not to change, when reason does command it.

Age. Reason can never be your warrant to be false.
I had been false to reason and my selfe both,
To love where I should finde neglect yet,
Where I love, 'tis with much passion, but
Not your blind-fold constant way.

Age Nor would I that you should. I shall be happy
In your happinesse, or you in mine, if either
Of our different waies do prosper. But you
Now love you know not whom, nor know you where to finde her.

Phil. Pardon me, the skilfull Moor, late come to Court,
Assures me, that he will let me see again
That Lady by his art.

Age. When this?

Phil. This morning I sent my man before to tell him,
I am comming; his house is here hard by.

Age. May I not see her too?

Phil. Perhaps, if you disguise you like my servant.

Age. I will.

Phil. Let's go then, I know he does expect me.

Exit.

Enter Moor, and a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Master will streight be here.
Moor. Sir, I am ready.

Enter Philanthus *and* Agenor.

Phil. Great Master of your art, good-morrow.
Moor. Good-morrow, noble Sir.
Phil. I hardly yet believe it possible,
You should perform what you have undertaken.
Moor. More, Sir, if I please: I am in substance
What others seem; nor shall you stay
The making of a Circle. But who's this with you?
Phil. A servant, Sir, that I dare trust.
Moor. Pardon me, Sir, I have reason to be wary.
This art is no waies lawfull; for telling fortunes,
That I count nothing. Is there nought else that you
desire?
Phil. Not'aing.
Moor. Stand by then. By that great power that's
given me, *Recorder.*
I charge thee, the form of that Lady, to
Appear that this Prince desires, so habited,
As when he saw her last.

Enter Lucinda.

Phil. Oh ye powers, 'tis she. I must confesse, your art
Is inimitable, 'tis the same form; me-thinks
It looks so like the life, that it would speak,
If I should question it: no beauty can be greater. *Exit*
Shee's gone, can you not once more shew her. *Lucr.*
Moor. Yes, and much more, if I were pleas'd.
Phil. What?
Moor. What? sit down and you shall see. Return thou
beauteous shadow.

Enter

Enter Lucinda.

Phil. She's by much fairer then *Aurelia*; I was a fool
To purſue what's fled, and to refuſe a bleſſing
Offered like this; ſhe ſmiles, as if ſhe underſtood me,
And confirm'd my ſaying.

Age. Although I burſt, I'le ſee the end.

Phil. When firſt I ſaw what's here preſented, I could not think ſhe was the thing ſhe ſeem'd,
And now I cannot think ſhe is a ſhadow,
But a ſubſtance,---- That ſigh aſſures me,
That ſhee's fleſh and blood; and yet a Dæmon
May poſſeſſe a body, making it move by its own Organs.
A dead Body, not a living body: pardon, if ſhadow,
Or if ſubſtance, this bold touch; it is not profane,
Since it proceeds from an affection equall
To what a mortall ere could boaſt of, in ſo ſhort a time.
This ſoft and warm hand does aſſure me, you are
That noble Lady, to whoſe courteſie I owe
My life, and now again it is within your power
To ſee me die. But if you ſhall once more, make me a tender
Of that love, which at your Caſtle I refus'd,
As being then a priſoner to anothers beauty.
Aſſure your ſelfe; I ſhall redeem that errour,
With an affection equall to your merits, paying the debt
Of two lives that I owe you, and this of love the greater.

Age. Oh falſe friend.

Phil. She anſwers not. I fear I all this while, tranſported

By my paſſion, have ſpoken to a ſhadow.

Luc. Rather I fear your proteſtations will prove ſuch.

Age. 'Tis ſhe, and I am miſerable.

Phil. Oh my joy. No, Madam, they are as firm as are the Poles, *Here the Gipſie pulls off his beard.*

That prop up heaven; and can I doubt the proofs
That you have given me of your love, are infinite,
In that you thus diſguiſe your ſelfe thus once more
T'ingage me in an infinite affection, which I deſire to ſeal thus.

Luc. Will you not think you, recall your vowes,
When you ſhall know my name

Age. Cruell woman, thou needſt not tell him, he too well knowes
Thou art *Lucinda*; the unkind Miſtreſſe of his
Too kind, and much wronged friend *Agenor*.

Phil. Lucinda, Oh my croſſe fortune, I am falſe and knew it not.

Age. Excuſe it not, but juſtifie thy ſelf,
That I may kill thee without repining.

Phil. You know I never ſaw ſaw her.

Age. True. But was it poſſible thou couldſt believe,
That I could be tranſported with that paſſion
For any other beauty, then for that thou ſeeſt in her?
How often, raviſhed with admiration, did I deſcribe
Her face, and thought by love, like the muſt cunning Painter,
To draw her very feature to thy underſtanding, *All this while, after their ſwords are drawn, the Gipſie and the Lady perſwade and hold the Prince.*
As they do to the ſight; ſo much at leaſt,
As if thou hadſt but been that friend,
Which I did hope, it would have prompted thee to fear

No

No other but *Lucinda* could have been ſo fair.
Phil. Y'are paſſionate without all reaſon, and
Forget friendſhip. Hear me.
Age. No, I am too tame, ſuffering thee, that haſt
Nothing, but the empty name of friendſhip,
Thus to abuſe me and ſhall that be a ſufficient
Bridle to hold back my revenge? Draw thy ſword.
Phil. Why, you are mad.
Luc. I fear ſome ill event.
Age. Why ſmile you? Think you, becauſe my valour
is not like to yours,
The ſubject of each tongue, my maiden-ſword,
Never unſheathed till now, that I do fear
In a juſt cauſe to uſe it? Provide your beſt defence.
Phil. Defence, hear me.
Age. Come, draw, and do not dally. Your guilt
hath
Made you weaker then you think, you are not
What you were, when you were faithfull.
Luc. If I have any power, let me conjure you.
Age. You have none.
Luc. Hear me.--- How do you noble *Here ſhe breaks from the Gipſie.*
Sir: Oh for a Chirurgeon
Age. Ha! what have I done?
Phil. 'Tis in vain, I am well, well as I could have
wiſh'd
I am remov'd from being a hinderance to
My friend in his affection. You perceive
How much he loves you, ſince it did force him
To make a ſacrifice of me, me, his better halfe.
Sir, give me your hand; it was my fortune, not my
will,
That croſt you in this Ladies love. And, Madam,
Remember, that my laſt breath is employ'd,
To aſſure you, that I ſhall never reſt

In peace, if any other ſhall poſſeſſe that place,
Which you thought me worthy to hold, in your affection,
Then this Prince, who onely does deſerve it;
To whom, I hope, my weak defence, may juſtifie my innocence.
Luc. Thou cruell murtherer of thy friend, who rather than
Endanger thee, would not defend himſelfe. Thou cruell Butcher.
Age. I fear I have been too raſh.
He no way did employ his ſword.
Luc. Oh cruell fate. Gon, he's gone for ever.
Age. He's quite dead, and you are hurt too, I think. Ha!
Luc. A ſcratch.
Age. He did employ his laſt breath to gain my love;
From you too; did he not?
Luc. He did, but 'tis in vain, for I ſhall hate thee more then a Serpent.
Age. Yet leſſe then I ſhall do my curſed ſelfe.
The vildeſt monſter of ingratitude,
That the earth ever bore: I wonder why
It does not gape, and ſwallow me alive.
'Tis mockery to believe the gods are juſt,
After this ſufferance: Here, if you have any mercy, kill me.
Luc. Not I.
Age. I'le do't my ſelfe then.
Moor. Hold, Sir, for heavens ſake.
Age. Thou ignorant, 'twas to pleaſe heaven I would have done it.
Moor. You are deceived, they want not proper inſtruments;
If 'twere their divine pleaſure to ſhed your blood,

To

To ſhew their juſtice: No they delight in mercy more.

Age. But not ſo far as to confound their juſtice,
I am no ſubject for it.

Moor. Madam, your help, to ſave another miſchief.

Luc. Onely that thought makes you unfit, y'are penitent already;
And that I may remove from you this black deſpair,
That darkens thus your underſtanding, know,
For your friends dear ſake, if e're I love again,
It ſhall be you, except his memory.

Age. Fain I would die, yet fain I would believe her.
Oh love! what power thou haſt, that thus can change
My juſt revenge; although I know this proteſtation
Growes from a fear to offend his ghoſt, and not
From love to me, for that's impoſſible:
Yet, I will live, to inflict ſuch puniſhment
Upon my ſelfe, that you ſhall give me leave to die,
To end my miſery. The Tombe I will erect
For this dear Coarſe, ſhall well expreſſe my love,
Howe're, my unfortunate hand did ſhed his blood.
Let your care be beſtowed upon the body,
Till I diſpoſe of it; I ſhall reward your pain.

Moor. My Lord, I will.

Age. Heaven affects. Why do I live, and ſee him thus,
And I the Author? Madam, what is your pleaſure?
Will you remove unknown, or ſhall I wait
Upon you to your brother?

Luc. Sir, I beſeech you, give me leave to be my own diſpoſer.

Age. Obedience is my ſacrifice.

Luc. But how, or where, is yet unknown to me,
Uncertain fate, yet certain miſery. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actûs quarti.

Actus quintus.

Enter the two Courtiers.

2. WHat, are our Comedians ready?
1. Yes, yes.

1. That's well; the Princesse does walk presently, and comming in unlook'd for, 't will please her the better. It's fine Poetry, is't not?

1. Onely faulty, if not foolish enough; a quarter of an houres work, when 'twas done; and yet I have studied a long time; and can finde nothing more ridiculous,

2. Is there no prologue?

1. No, there's too few Actors.-- Here's the Princesse. They have their cue, they'l enter sure.

Enter Aurelia *and* Miranthe.

Aur. How now, what strange hob-goblin's this?

Enter Man.

Man. Love, that intoxicates the brains of mortals, where there is any,
Here inhabits none to be intoxicated, 'tis well known.
Not *Sisiphus*, that restlesse rowles the stone still,
Takes more delight, then I do in my own fill.

Enter Gudgen like a Lady.

My *Phillida*, lo where she does appear,
More humble then a Peacock, or his peer,
The Turky, who with her briftling plumes,
Confounds my sense, and my poor heart consumes.
Oh gods Oh most glittering Wight,
Thou work'st upon me, I had need go write.
My passion, 'tis not a stumb'ling tongue,
That can expresse the love I bear thy bung.
T. G. Kisse where thou lov'st, I thee pray, even here;
Nothing I have too pretious for my dear. But

But you do fool me, I and frump me; you,
I *Venus* fair or chaft; go too, go too.
Man. Is *Venus* like to thee, thou durty ſow?
No, thou art like unto our brended Cow:
But yet I fear ſhe will prove wilder far,
Thou art incenſt, thy goblin eyes make war.
T.G. Puh let me go, theſe come not from your heart;
Too late I finde you play the Courtiers part.
Man. May all the joyes of earth confound me, I,
Have dyed thy love, and live I will perdy.
T.G. Oh perjur'd man, ſee where ſhe comes you wot of,
Betwixt you ſurely I am made a ſot of.

Enter a Wench.

Wen. Sir, I am come to viſit you, and your fair Miſtreſs.
Man. Moſt odoriferous Lady, you are offenſibly welcome; for you have done me a moſt deſperate and intolerable favour; my Miſtreſſe does with me, I know, congratulate the miſchiefe.
Wench. Sir, I am a ſimple wench, that underſtand nothing beyond ſenſe.
Man. I am ſorry for it, yet I will deſcend to your underſtanding, and ſpeak none: or very little, hereafter.
Wen. It will become your perſon.
T. G. Hark how ſhe woes my dear: Oh, I am loſt I fear.
Wen. Lady, you are ſad, and much I wonder, being ſo happy in your ſervant.
T. G. Damoſell, you are unkinde, your ſcorns are ſcurvy, and become you not.
Man. Oh thou art ſuch a pretty wench, I could wiſh my ſelfe a gib Cat, and we two together in the dark.
T. G. Ah me! he's loſt. Sir, you forget me, your *Phillida*.
Man. Thee? I do contemn the thought of ſuch a dowdie.

T.G.

Y. G. Ah me, then let me die; thou constant wretch, maist thou sink down to blisse, but shall I curse, whom I have loved more, then my best Cow *Mull*: Oh no. Come death and end my woe. But what shall finish my unhappy daies? this knife, this shall afford me passage to the shades below, where I will try by dying thus my love to show, and fill his hard heart full of dismall wo.

Man. Alas good fool.

Wen. Will you not save her?

Y. G. Now I am dead, dost thou not grieve, thou cruell elfe,
If I had known, I had not kill'd my selfe.
Now I am stark dead, pray tell him so.

Man. Would thou wert buried, thou'lt ne're leave talking else.

Aur. Miranthe, this is so wofull a story, I'le hear no more, make my excuse to the dead Lady, when she revives. *Exeunt Aur. and Miran.*

Man. Master, Master, rise, rise.

Y. G. That's not my cue, he's out.

Man. The Princesse is gone.

Y. G. Gone is not my cue neither.

Man. The play is done.

Y. G. Thou lyest, I must be kis'd first; I wil I not open mine eyes till I be kis'd.

Man. What a coile's here, I could finde in my heart, now his eyes are shut, to undo my points, and give him his cue. Sir, Master. I think hee's a verier asse then my selfe, there let him lie, for me, I'le follow for a reward. *Exit.*

Y. G. Is he gone, had I no place about me worthy his
Then let me wake from death. Why this it is, (kisses)
Since when I courted him, he would not come,
My Ghost shall haunt him, till he kisse my hum, hum.
Exit.

Enter

Enter Aurelia *and* Miranthe.

Aur. This is the day, and this the place, that *Philanthus*
Intends to present himself as the stranger Knight,
To receive what punishment I shall inflict,
Where I will make him jealous of himselfe.

Mir. Why will you so torment him, since you confesse you love him.

Aur. Still to draw greater proofes of his affection, in which I glory.

Mir. Take heed, whilst that you use him thus, you do not
Lessen what you would make greater, his love.
Were I man and in his place, I should have hated
You, for you in reason have appeared unworthy,
And inconstant, which how his generous spirit
May brook, who knowes.

Aur. Pish these are needlesse fears, see where he comes,
The same armes he wore, when he o'recame *Adrastus*;
A coldnesse strikes my heart at sight of him.

Enter the Moor as Philanthus.

Moor. If you be the Princesse *Aurelia*, I was enjoyn'd
Thus low to bend my knee, lower my heart,
In my submission to your offended deity.

Aur. Yes, Sir, I am, and you I take to be the most
Discourteous Knight alive.

Moor. Madam, I have already paid for that offence,
The forfeit of my honour, if not to be recovered,
By faithfully performing what I was enjoyn'd,
Rather commanded, by your *Philanthus*, for such
How e're you prise him, he desires to be esteem'd.

Aur. How well he counterfeits anothers voice.

Moor. By a strange accident he met me, and when
Perswasion would not move me, for I had a desire
Another way, he did employ his not to be resisted valour,

Com-

Compelling me to swear, for safeguard of my life,
Here to present my selfe, and willingly receive
What punishment your rigour can inflict.
Aur. What censure do you expect?
Moor. Death, for I do believe you the most cruell Lady living.
Aur. Why do you think so?
Moor. Your rigour to *Philanthus*, who partly made Me know his story, made me suspect; yet still
He loves you, more then his own soul. But your
Unjust hatred against me, gives me assurance,
Of your cruell nature.
Aur. Perhaps I did but seem to hate you, you see I am unarm'd
For punishment, none but my selfe, and one weak woman more.
But you are bound by oath to endure what ere
I shall inflict; I'le try him fully.
Moor. I am, and wish to know my sentence.
Aur. With your own sword I will perform it.
Moor. Alas, you have not strength to take my life, were I unarm'd.
Aur. Rather no will, you are not noble that would thus,
T' the danger of your life, perform your promise.
Receive your sword, and know, I am so far
From hate, that I did love you, for the great respect
You shew'd me, though I seem'd otherwise.
But you retiring, and to me unknown,
Bar'd me from means to thank you, or let you know,
How much I lik'd your valour which sure by *Philanthus*
Could not be exceeded; I rather take it as a courteous act
From you to him, he hoping the performance

Of the task enjoyn'd might reconcile him to my love,
Which is now impossible; yet, I did much affect him,
Till his boasting did beget my hatred.
But trust me, in his sending you, how e're,
I thank him, he hath much prejudic'd himselfe.
There is no honour that this Court can do you,
Which boldly you may not promise to your selfe.
Nor would I have you think I am unconstant,
For I have still profest to love, where I did find
Most worth, untill I were confin'd by Marriage.

Moor. Madam, however some will censure this your humour,
To me it does appear the best. I honour you,
And shall believe my selfe the happiest creature
Living, in this your good opinion.

Aur. Longer, Sir, I will not hold you, but when you please
To visit me at Court, theres no assurance
Of my affection, that I shall refuse,
Which honour will permit me to bestow.

Moor. I, make me in my own opinion the mark of envy,
To the most happy living. Besides, thus on your hand,
I seal my lasting service. *Exit.*

Mir. Madam, what's your designe in this, to give *Philanthus*,
As a stranger, so large assurances of your affection,
And yet make him think, you hate him as he is himself,

Enter the second Courtiers.

2. Ah! Madam, the most unfortunate accident.

Aur. How! what? thou frightest me, speak.

2. The Prince your brother.

Aur. What of him?

2. Hath kill'd his dearest friend, noble *Philanthus*.

Aur. 'Tis impossible, I know the contrary.

2. Oh

2. Oh, Madam, 'tis too true, your brothers sorrow is a witnesse of it;
The Court is drown'd in tears, and justly,
It never felt a greater losse.
Aur. I have abused my self then, made vowes and protestations
To I know not whom; the voice indeed was different.
But is this certain truth? were ye a witnesse?
But how, or why, or when? I am amazed
With wonder and sorrow. Speak.
2. 'Tis so certain, that your brother would have kill'd himself,
Had he not been prevented.
Aur. He had done well, 'tis fit we all should die;
For who would live after *Philanthus*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. You Gods, was't not sufficient misery for me
To love a man, whom I had never seen before?
His heart given to another, or ere he knew me?
But that you afterwards must raise me to the happiness
Of his affection, and then thus violently pull
Him from me. Why should you thus oppose your strongest powers
Against a silly woman. But, love, I know it is thy malice,
That did invite the cruell destinies to cut
The fine spun thread of dear *Philanthus*, and cruelly
Lengthen mine. You powers, it is enough; for you have humbled
My proud heart low as the earth. Seek out some other,
That hath not felt your scourges, I confesse
Your power, and am obedient too. But why should I
Begin to flatter unjust heaven, within whose power
It does not lie to pleasure me, *Philanthus* gone,
Whose name I'le reverence more in their despight,
Then all the envious deities, that took him from me.

Enter

Enter Philanthus, *as a Ghost.*

Phil. Impious, cruell, and forgetfull woman, thy sacrilegious
Thoughts and words, I see, have been the causes,
That have stopt my passage to the *Elizium* fields;
Forcing me thus wandring to stay above the earth,
To feel torments above neglect in love;
Nay, equall to those hellish pangs, bred from the thoughts
Of a much lov'd inconstant Mistress. But I'le revenge
My selfe, by haunting thee perpetually.

Aur. Oh thou dear ghost, such a revenge were sweet,
I should desire to look upon thee ever.
After I had thee, thou wert soon lost, I was not satisfied.
Let me if possible embrace thee, at least
Converse with thee for ever thus.

Phil. I see you have forgot my last request.
Think on the Prince, in whom I live; this way ye cross
The ordinance of heaven, who never failes
To punish disobedience, from me. If you
Be slack in loving him, my ghost shall never rest
In peace; and when I next appear, a thousand furies
Will come along, and in your sight torment me,
Past what a mortall can imagin, if not for love
Of him, for love of me. Be pittifull, and free me
From an endless misery. Go to my Tomb,
Where daily you shall finde him weeping:
There make an offer of your selfe, in recompence
Of all his sufferings; this done, you may be happy.
But if refus'd, the height of misery will fall upon you,
To me, perpetuall torment; remember,
On me perpetuall torment.

Luc. Stay, stay, and hear me.

Phil. My time is past, remember lasting torment. [*Ex.*

Luc. 'Tis vanish'd, cruell ghost, that dost conjure me,
Thus

Thus unkindly to forsake my first love, inconstancy's a vice,
They do not love at all, that can love twice.
'Tis to me impossible, which if I do it not, I shall be miserable.
And in doing it, I shall be so too; then 'tis indifferent:
Oh no, I shall release from misery,
And happy make the ghost of *Philanthus*;
That thought alone o'recomes me. (*Recorder*)
Strange friendship, when the ghost of him that's dead,
Shall for the living with such reason's plead. *Exit.*

Enter the two Courtiers.

1. Where is the Prince? is he yet so transported with sorrow?
2. I ne're saw man so torment himselfe. 'Tis true, *Philanthus*
Deserv'd to have as many tears shed for him,
As any Prince that liv'd, but yet, that being past,
And sorrow fruitlesse, me-thinks the sorrow should grow lesse.
1. If it be possible, it does receive increase.
Some say, the Princesse *Aurelia* bears a part too.
2. Wheres the old Duke? followed his children to the Tomb
Of *Philanthus*: Never such a sorrow seen in *Millain*.
1. In duty we are bound to wait upon them,
Both with our persons and our sorrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agenor.

Age. Me-thinks this sacred ground, that does contain
The body of my friend, should open it self,
And give me leave once more to embrace him,
If his dear ghost be'concil'd; and if it hate me,
Why should not then the earth, in friendship
To its now inhabitants, gape wide and swallow me
Alive, for my base act? How often have the gods
Made even the insensible elements, the executioners

Of

Of their justice, against a murtherer, and a more
Hatefull one was never performed: murder'd my friend,
Oh base! and such a friend, that even in death
Expreſt himſelfe above my malice. The wound
This ſword hath made in his noble & undefenc'd breaſt
Was only like a vent to a full veſſell,
That ſo the ſtream of his unequall love might finde
The freeer paſſage. Why ſhould I live then, to be the
hatefull,
And contemn'd example of ingratitude, to all poſterity?
And I will daily ſacrifice my ſorrowes and my tears
Upon his Tombe, 'twill not ſerve. Were I a woman,
Water might waſh my guilt off; but as I am a man,
A manly ſacrifice muſt expiate my fault.
Blood muſt be ſatisfied with blood. *Philanthus*,
Receive this ſacrifice, I will revenge the murder.

Enter the two Courtiers.

1. Deer my Lord, what would ye do?
Age. Nothing, why do ye hinder?
Who made you my controulers?
2. Heaven forbid, that we ſhould ſuffer you.
Age. For friendſhip ſake, give me my ſword, why
ſhould you
Keep me here to torment me? in death I ſhould find eaſe.
If any of you had a minde to die, and knew 'twould be
for your content,
Think you I would be ſo diſcourteous to diſturb you?
You need not hold me, you may give me freedom,
Now I have no weapon, you cannot hinder me to weep
Theſe curſed eyes out; by whoſe falſe lights,
falſe to my ſoul, came in that beauty of *Lucinda*,
Whoſe violence working by jealouſie, forced me
To murder my deareſt deareſt friend. Pardon love,
I have blaſphem'd againſt thy deity, for which I know,
His Ghoſt will hate me more then for his wounds.

Enter Aurelia *and* Miranthe.

Aur. Hence hypocrite, doſt thou not fear his wounds
Should ope themſelves, and bleed his ſearcloath through,
At thy approach.

Age. Siſter, you cannot pronounce words half ſo harſh
As I deſerve, nor tax me with a guilt ſo great,
But I'le acknowledge more, but not the ſame
Which you accuſe me of: For, were the ſorrow
Of the world joyn'd in one for *Philanthus*,
Mine might be thought a worthy rivall,
Nay, exceed that far.

Aur. Oh *Philanthus*.

Age. But ſiſter, you, why you, why do you ſeem to grieve
Thus, that in his life ſhewed ſuch contempt?

Aur. Oh brother, brother, ſeeking to deceive and blinde the world,
I have ruin'd and undone my ſelfe, the heavens
Are witneſſes, that *Philanthus* to me was more
Then father, you, and all the world. Then give me
Leave alone to grieve, ſince all griefes elſe are
but like drops to the vaſt Ocean.

Age. Siſter, the Ocean hath his bounds, though large,
But my ſorrow, like to his love, for whom I grieve,
Muſt be beyond all limits, but his deſert,
The cauſe of my affliction.

Aur. Philanthus, Philanthus. But what are words, or ſighes, or tears,
But weak expreſſions? let a dead ſilence rather ſhow,
They grieve not much, that can expreſſe their woe.

Enter Duke.

1. Sir, your father.

Age. Here, here.

1. Madam, the Duke.

Aur. Lov'd *Philanthus*, I know he did, and ſo did I,
Though I diſſembled, dearly I loved him; if there be charity

In

In you, open his tomb, that I may make his body know,
By kissing his pale lips, that I did love him,
More then he did me; his spirit's already
Satisfied, I know, else it would haunt me.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. You twins of sorrow, that strive with eagerness
Which should be thought the truest mourner, make
For one, whose actions have in point of love, (room
Outgone your airie words.

Age. I know that voice, *Lucinda.*

Luc. For which of you, after the killing of a much lov'd
For then I thought *Adrastus* dead, became (brother,
Enamoured of his murderer, as I did of *Philanthus?*
Or which of you forsook your honours, or your state,
Becomming like to me, a straggling Gipsie,
Forced to it, by a greater feeling of his merit,
Than ever touched your heart, pursuing him
In that disguise, even when to hope the least requitall
Had been madness? and yet I must give proof
Beyond all these, when I have offered some
Few tears upon his Tombe.

Aur. Lucinda, for such I know your name is, how would it vex me,
To hear you boast your love thus of *Philanthus*,
Were he alive; and yet I should have gloried much,
To be by him preferred before so excellent a Lady
As your selfe: But since unkind brother,
But worse friend, hath by his rash hand, inrich'd
The Tombe, with what we both should strive for, let' joyne
In sorrow, and from our mournfull eyes by turnes,
Drop tears, till by continuall motion, this hard
And unkinde Marble, may yield us passage to him,
Which it now denies.
And so at last we by our tears shall gain,
What now by prayers we cannot obtain.

Duk. My dear children, why do you yield to sorrow thus,
Where there's no hope of remedy? I am a partner
In your griefs; you know that *Philanthus* was as
Dear to me as any; but since I know I cannot
Raise him to life by weeping, why should I
Shew my self a child, and mourn in vain?

Enter Adrastus.

Adr. How, my Sister here, and mourning o're the Tomb
Of *Philanthus*, 'tis impossible, she never saw him.
Age. You are deceived, Sir, be your own witness.
Adr. 'Tis she. Degenerate from my blood, weep for mine
Enemy. Save you, Lady.
Luc. Brother, I know you wonder much to see me here;
But more, that I lament thus for a man,
Which you believe I knew not.
Adr. I do, I see the great love that you profest to me,
Was wholly counterfeit.
Luc. Rather your vertues, brother, are not what I thought 'm:
But love however's my excuse.
Age. Oh *Philanthus!*
Luc. Ha? me-thought the spirit of *Philanthus* spoke from his Tomb.
Chiding my slackness in performing his will; did it not, Sir!
Age. Not that I heard.
Luc. His ghost appeared to me in dead of night,
And cruelly commanded me thus to present my self
Before his Tomb, a gift unto the Prince *Agenor*,
From his dead friend.
Age. How! do you mock me?
Luc. Which, though unwillingly, I here perform,
Much more to satisfie my promise to his ghost,
Than to requite your love; and yet, noble
Sorrow may be accounted meet.
Age. Strange ghost!

Adr.

Adr. How?

Age. Madam, till now, my thoughts were in the grave with *Philanthus*,
His spirit it seemes, knowing my hearty sorrow and repentance
Labour'd to make me happy in your love:
And I receive you with a joy above
What any tongue is able to expresse.

Adr. This makes for my advantage, and is it possible, *Aurelia* may return to love me, *Philanthus*
Being dead. Who's here, the Knight that fought with me?
These Armes are ominous.

Enter Philanthus *and the Moor.*

Duk. Come from the Tomb, *Agenor*, leave this sorrow.

Age. Sir, I'le obey you for this time; but after, daily offer up
Tears of joy and sorrow, in which Scene I still
Must be an actor.

Duk. *Aurelia*, be not wilfull.

Aur. Thus all forsake me, no companions in my sorrow left,
And I do glory in it.

Phil. Sir, by your gratious favour: Lady, why weep you thus?

Aur. Ha! what are you so ignorant, that does not know the cause?

Phil. Do you know me then, the large expression that
You made me of your respects, I might say love,
Made me believe, I should not be so soon forgot.

Aur. Pardon me, Sir, I took you for this Knight then, for whom I now
Weep, whose body lies here in this Tomb, from whence
I do not mean to part; pray leave me, Sir. How got

This

This Knight theſe Armes, they are the ſame *Philanthus* wore.

Phil. Lady, you grieve for one, does not deſerve this ſorrow;
Behold in me a worthier ſervant, who now am come to claim
Performance of your ſo large promiſes. Point not to that,
I beat him whilſt he lived, and from him took theſe Armes.

Age. Traitor Knight, thou lieſt; no, thou didſt rather
Play the thiefe, and ſteal them, which I will
Make thee confeſſe, elſe offer thee a
Sacrifice upon his Tombe.

Phil. In theſe Armes I overcame *Adraſtus*.

Age. Thou lieſt, and ſhalt not live to injure thus
The dead; know, 'twas *Philanthus* by all the gods,
And this is.

Phil. *Philanthus*, your ſervant. [*diſcovers himſelf.*

Age. Ha! is't poſſible.

Phil. Be not amazed, but truſt your eyes.

Age. How can this be?

Phil. You being wilfull and enraged, I rather
Ventured to receive one wound, and ſo ſeem ſlain,
Than in your death to loſe a friend, a Miſtreſſe,
And my own life too; but life would have bin hatefull
After your loſs, if I could have preſerv'd it.

Moor. But mark his love, while his wounds yet bled;
(For to my charge, you know, you did commit
The body) He ſtudied to make you happy
In my Ladie's love, which was effected, by playing
His own ghoſt, whilſt I did in his Armes,
With you ſupply his place; how eaſie 'twas
To coſen you, and thoſe you ſent, by filling
The Coffin with ſome traſh, having my brother

To

To assist me in it, the dullest may conceive.
For my part, I was glad to raise my Mistresse to a greater
At least, if not a better fortune in (ter
The Princes love.
Age. Madam, I hope you will not make his labour fruitless.
Luc. It were in vain to cross the will of heaven, which seemes
To have ordained *Philanthus* for your worthier sister.
Phil. It lay not in my power till now, by reason of my wounds,
To keep my promise truly; but now, behold
Me ready to receive.
Aur. Me, as a recompence for all your sufferings; no other punishment.
Age. Sir, we are joyn'd, and do mean to grow together,
If you do not severe us. (ther,
Duk. Enjoy your wishes both. *Adrastus*,
For your sisters sake I wish your friendship.
Adr. Pardon the faults that grew from love to *Aurelia*,
And I shall study your advancement. (*lia*,
Luc. Brother, be better then you have been.
Adr. Which to begin, I give my selfe again
A servant to fair *Miranthe*, whose love, I know,
Not malice, cross'd me in my love to *Aurelia*.
Mir. I'le none, I thank you;
You that forsook me, aiming at a greater
Now offer'd I refuse, hoping a better.

Enter old Gudgen and young Gudgen.

Y. G. Old man, I say to thee, be proud, and the rejoyce, to see thy hopefull son salute the Duke in triumph, and by him resaluted like to an Emperator.
Duk. Away ridiculous asse.
Y. G. Did not I tell you?
Duk. Get you into the Country to your sheep and oxen,

oxen, thoſe you feed well, will like your compar
here your Favouritſhip is growne ſtale; the Cour
not ſo barren, but it brings forth daily ſome new h
mour, which at firſt is pleaſant, but after, like
yours, grows tedious.

O. G. Why, ſon, is this your gracing?

Y. G. The envy of ſome Politick hath done this.

Duk. See all things ſtraight prepared to ſolemnize
The happy marriages of theſe, in whom,
Friendſhip and love ſtrove for a name; *Floriſ*
In you love, in you friendſhip overcame. *Exeun*

O. G. Come, ſon, come, after the loſs of all our mony
let's e'ne go home, and be wiſer once, never too old to
learn.

Y. G. I, Father, but I am too young yet. Well, I will
be a favourit for all this; I, ſo it ſhall be. Gentlemen, I
mean to make a petition to the Duke, which I muſt
intreat you to ſet your hand to, being the beſt judges
of my ability; and thus it is:

That ſince to be a worthy minion I'me not fit,
Yet I may be the chiefe fool-Favourit.

FINIS.

THE FAMOUS

TRAGEDY

OF

OSMOND

The great

TURK,

Otherwiſe called the

NOBLE SERVANT.

Written by

LODOWICK CARLELL, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, at his ſhop at the *Princes Arms* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1657.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Melcoſhus,	Emperour of *Tartary*.
Orcanes,	His Son.
Oſmond,	The noble Servant.
Calibeus,	A jealous *Cham*.
Odmer,	Faithfull to the Emperour.
Haly,	An aſpiring Traitour.
Hoſa,	Servant to *Orcanes*.
Eunuch.	
Priſoners.	
Souldiers.	
Captains.	
Mutes.	
Meſſenger.	
Deſpina,	A fair Chriſtian Slave.
Ozaca,	Wife to *Calibeus*.

OSMOND

OSMOND
the great
TVRK,
Or the
NOBLE SERVANT.

Actus Primus.

After an Alarum, and people running over the Stage; Enter Osmond, *a Tartar with his Sword bloody.*

Osm. THe City reekes with the warm blood of murder'd Christians whose avarice hath made them & their wealth our prey. Sword! thou hast shed much blood, and of the first and noblest: not added by this arme; for thou to it lentst vigour: a vertue thou retainst, since *Melcoshus* my great and royall Master buckled thee on my thigh, for which so unaccustomed favour and many other, when I forget still to adore him equall to our Prophet, may my death quickly follow; now if any thing (*charge.*) like danger's left, that dare appeare, Ile meet it. *Exit.*

Enter two Souldiers, and Despina.

1. *Sold.* Villain hold off thy hands, shee's my prize; what though thou first seizedst on her, is she a prey for so base a slave?

2. *Sold.* How, slave? Ile prove my self thy better.

Desp. Unhappy maid, must I become the cause of bloodshed, tho even of *Tartars* our Enemies, heavens forbid; hear me, you wrathfull men, by your great Prophets name, I charge you: we Christians pacifie our rage for our deare Masters; sake make a division of me and of my cloathes, he to whose lot I fall, Ile be his faithfull slave.

1. *Sold.* I am content; so I who am a Janisarie may have the better share of her person.

2. *Sold.* No, Ile have that, take thou her cloaths and Jewels.

1. *Sol.* Then Ile have all.

Desp. Alass, why strive you for this worthlesse person, so far as lies in my ability ile serve you both.

2. *Sold.* A good kinde wench.

1. *Sold.* I am agreed; so I may first lie with her, to share her cloaths and jewels.

Des. How, lie with me?

2. *Sold.* Wee'l cast lots.

1. *Sold.* Agreed.

Des. Divinitie assist me, what meane these men? went I about to save their lives for this?

2. *Sold.* I am first.

1. *Sold.* You lie, shee's mine.

Des. Oh I feare! Would that sword that peire'd my Noble Fathers heart, had cut me from the world, e're this unhappie houre of my dishonour.

2. *Sold.* Leave her or thy life. (*Exeunt striving for her.*)

Enter Melcoshus, Odmer, Haly, Captaines, and Prisoners.

Mel. Thus Souldiers, though cold hunger, and all impediments of war seem to block up our way, we have made passage by our unwearied valour: the gods were forc'd to give us victory, and such a victorie as makes your King an Emperour, and you in honour and riches

riches eqnall to Kings, I meane our *Chams*; each private ſouldiers wealth equals ſome Chriſtian Lords.

Odm. Our riches, lives, and honour we hold from our magnificent Emperour great *Melcoſus*, and as his ſlaves, thus low proſtrate, we kiſſe his happie feet.

Mel. You ſee, doggs, it is not with us, as with your ruin'd Maiſter; who when he pleaded with his beſt eloquence, as I have heard, to make his greedy Subjects open their Cofers for their own ſafety, could not prevail with them: for they both baſe and fooliſh, rather choſe to periſh with their Idols, than to relieve the generall neceſſity, and ſo have hazarded ſaving both life and honour, which makes me not reſtraine the Souldiers from any inſolency, though I know a cittie taken by aſſault to be the only ſtage, where rape, murther, and ſacriledge is acted to the life.

Haly. Melcoſus is godlike-wiſe in all; thoſe who forget their Emperour under whom they live, deſerve no pitty from a conquering Enemie; our prophet hath appointed you his ſcourge; mercy unto his Enemies were cruelty to him.

Cap. Haly, doe not incite to blood, he is neareſt faultineſs that way of any: ſhould he grow thirſty by cuſtome, we have not Chriſtians enough alwaies ready to quench that thirſt; or, glutted with theſe, our owne blood may be found perchance more ſweet, if we grow rich or popular.

Haly. Captaine, it is true: the fox would rather ſtrive to abate than increaſe the Lyons feirceneſs, ſince forc'd to obey and ſerve him.

Mel. Honeſt *Odmer*, thou carefull ſervant of thy Maſters honour and ſafety, their taxes ſhall be leſſened, though their revolt cannot fright us: let all the Greek Priſones of note be at our banquet that we may glory in our triumph over them; ſome of their deaths wee'l honour with our preſence.

Oſmond ſeems to whiſper.

These are base traitorus, betrayers of their country, self-murtherers by their owne avarice, away with them, and let the Souldier exercise his rage upon them.

Enter Osmond and Despina:

Pri. We are justly punished.

Osm. Dread Lord, behold a present which the meanest of your slaves intends to make you.

Mel. Ist a boy or a woman, unvaile and shew me?

Osm. Sir, a while your pardon, untill I let you know that ignorantly I part not with this jewell, for I so well do understand the value, that were the citty-spoiles laid in one ballance, the Empire too, and but this in the other, nay an assurance of a happy reigne added to that, and on the other side but to enjoy this creature (to whom no attribute of excellence can be given high enough) one year, here were my choice.

Mel. Osmond, tho I have lov'd thee of a child, yet doe not tempt that frown that's death: think not that state that I am now possest of, admitts any comparison of happiness, yet not content with this thou dost contemne my fortune; shew me that argument of thy presumption, though excellent, but if not worthy our longing expectation, perhaps the cause of thy destruction: Majestie delights not to be plaid with.

Osm. Pardon, dread sir, that man who shall affirm: he hath an humbler soul towards great *Melcoshus* then *Osmond*, I dare him to the triall with this sword or faithfuller, which makes me sir assure you, you are in danger of your liberty, see not her face, for t'is a woman so farr Ile warne you, a weeping one, untill you doe withall consider shee's your slaves slave, I meane my prisoner: were she less worthy; she had been my Mistress, but being thus excellent who can deserve to look on her but you, let her be covered still, for if I draw this vaile, you then must yeeld, the thought of all your glo-

rie'

ries laid aſſide, and in her heavenly eyes read your aptivity.

Mel. Oſmond, I ſee thou doateſt thy ſelfe, and thinkſt we muſt doe ſo: delay no longer. (*he unvailes her.*)

Oſm. Prepare then for a bondage which will bring delight above all freedome.

Mel. More, more, by all my glories, than was delivered! *Oſmond* ſo well I like, cover her face leſt I doe ſurfet with beholding, nor muſt the vulgar equall me in ſuch a happineſs; my envie makes me finde a torture for my ſelfe. Off with that vail, the meaneſt of creatures may behold the Sun: and as his beames in ſhowry *April* breakes through the clouds, ſo does the lightening of her glorious eyes breake through their watery circle, and grow more powerfull by that oppoſition; ſo powerfull, that a conquering Prince deſcends his throne and beggs that hee may heare you, whom fortune hath made his ſlave, yet to command both him and fortune; for ſure your tongue cannot be leſſe powerfull then your eyes. (*gives him his hand to kiſſe.*)

Def. Ah me unhappie *Deſpina*.

Mel. Divineſt creature! riſe and know thy happines, thou ſhalt command *Melcoſhus*, King of the *Tartars*, who not content with that, intends to make all *Aſia* the ſubject of his victories.

Haly. Sir, feare and amazement have not yet forſook her, let her be kept by your Eunuchs, till time and they make her more capeable of your deſires.

Mel. Thou counſelleſt well, ſee it perform'd: but let entertainment be ſuch as may moſt delight, and ſooneſt free her from her griefe, I ſhall but languiſh till I may enjoy her.

Oſm. Lady, you may boldly promiſe to your ſelfe all joy the earth affords.

Def. The Gods reward your piety in ſaving of my life and honour; but joy be ever far from me. *Exeunt Haly, Deſpina.* *Mel,*

Mel. Tell me thou noble youth, how didſt thou finde this glorious creature, and what her name is?

Oſm. Shee calls her ſelfe *Deſpina*, I found her ſo neere being unworthy of me to give, or you to accept, that being ſaved it does encreaſe her value; Two Souldiers being fir'd with luſt, ſtrove which ſhould firſt enjoy her, but ſeeing her a creature of ſuch excellence, I thought my ſoveraigne only worthy her embraces, and ſhe a fit preſent for me to offer, which made me to oppoſe them both; and my intention being nobler gave victory to my weake arme, aided by this your guift.

Mel. Had they not perithed ſo, they ſhould have found a death with ſtudied torments; name ſome Province thy reward.

Oſm. Other reward then your acceptance would marke me for the ſerver of your pleaſure, an Eunuches office, and ſoyle my act of duties when I ſhall overthrow an enemy in field, or in ſome doubtfull battaile guard your ſacred perſon then Sir, advance me to ſome honor if you pleaſe, for ſo I ſhall become the powerfuller to ſerve you: but for *Deſpina* thinke not of any recompence to me, for, by the Gods, the Empire were too little, did not my love and adoration of your ſacred perſon force me to think ſhe was created for You, not for a ſubject.

Mel. This freedome in any other had bin death, in thee it but augments our love, be neere Us.

From whence?

Enter Meſſengers.

Meſ. From your Sonne *Orcanes* who is arrived.

Mel. We have already appointed *Callibeus* for his hoaſt, to morrow he ſhall kiſſe Our hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Callibeus.

Cal. Our Great *Cham* out of his love appoints his ſon *Orcanes* to be my gueſt; this were an honour I confeſs

to

to one that were not old and had a beautious wife, such as my *Ozaca* is: but when the Prince shall view her, and shee him, their very eyes shall speake to my dishonour, & conclude me a Cuckold in their desires, though they should nere converse. Ile let her know his comming hither and from her behaviour gather how she approves of it: *Ozaca.*

Enter Ozaca.

Ozaca. Your will.

Cal. Ozaca, the Prince *Orcanes* will strait bee here, he for whose sake 'tis thought nature wil turne a bankrupt, she hath in every part of him so plaid the prodigall; his face such as might make you take him for the beautifullest of women; yet through that beauty shines his fathers spirit Great *Melcoshus* [how her blood boyles!] a personage equall to that; but then so courteous, though a Prince & eloquent with all, that every woman that but heares him speak, modestly throwne by, woes him to acts of love, in which he far outgoes belief [by all my hopes my feares are true, I see a lustfull languishing in her eyes] speak *Ozaca,* could you not be content (I being absent) to pass an hour in conference upon your couch with this young Prince, speake, could you not, ha?

Oza. Oh sir, your needless jealousies doe make me miserable, but your selfe more.

Cal. I see thy heart, strumpet, and it writes a resolution to dishonour me, and so revenge that which thou call'st a needless jealousie in me; but, by our sacred Prophet, if thou shalt see this Prince except by chance, Ile pull thy eyes out; if converse with him, thy tongue; or write, thy hand is forfeit;

Oza. I finde I am a woman, I long extremely, they say indeed hee's wondrous handsome, and I have heard, seeing by chance my picture, he did not contemne my beauty. *Aside.*

Cal. It shall be so, goe walke in the back garden I charge

charge you, till I send for you. I would not have him see her, nor shee him, no not at a window: it may bee the Emperor will send him away ere long, but should he see *Ozaca*, I feare he would never leave my house: about this houre I expect him. *Exit.*

Enter Orcanes and Hosa.

Ho. My Lord, you see this back way, you are free from the multitude of people, by whom I would not have you seen, till you appeare to morrow like your selfe; I have sent to advertise your host *Callibeus*, that you are entred this way by the back-garden.

Orc. Tis well; they say this *Cham* is most extreamely jealous of his wife, we shall not see her sure.

Enter Ozaca.

Ho. Shee's wondrous handsome, he hath reason--

Oza. O that I might but see this Prince.

Orc. Whose's that, sure 'tis the Lady of the house.

Oza. My wish--'tis certainely the Prince, Ile seeme to goe away.

Orc. Nay, fly not Lady.

Oza. If y'are the Prince *Orcanes* which I beleeve, my duty is a warrant for my stay.

Orc. Lady, I am *Orcanes* who come to be your guest. (*Shee unvailes.*

Oza. Sir, that assurance warrants me this further expression of my duty.

Orc. The Painter was a niggard of his skill, or grossely ignorant that drew your picture, but Art must ever yeeld to Nature in a peice so excellent, and come far short, since 'tis but imitation. Rise beautious Lady, my father would not suffer this.

Enter Callibeus.

Cal. Hell and confusion, what's this I see; peace, hee's the Soveraign's.

Oza. My husband.

Cal. Behold your humble servant, who yeelds up the power

power both of himſelfe and all that's his to your command.

Or. Thanks, *Callibens.*

Cal. I am ſorry your Highneſs came the worſt way into the houſe.

Orc. I did it to avoid the preſs of people, but truſt me I found the paſſage very pleaſant.

Calli. He meanes his kiſſing you, bur, whoore, thou haſt a life to loſe.

Orc. I never ſaw a Garden where I received greater content, the Roſes and the Lillies are ſo finely mixt, that I could ſtand a yeere onely to gaze on them.

Cal. By *Mahomet*, he meanes the beauty of my wife, which is my curſe, Oh that ſhe were a *Negro.* } *Speake*
Orc. What's that you ſay, a *Negro.* } *Negro*
Cal. I ſay my Lord, thoſe flowers you like } *alone.*
were planted by a *Negro*, a skilfull Gardiner.

Orc. There are ſome other rarities, that I would praiſe, but that I want words to expreſſe them, they are ſo excellent, I wiſh I did poſſeſſe ſome ſuch.

Cal. Palpable, by all my feares! ſhe conceaves his meaning too, and with the joy of it, I ſee her luſtfull heart leap in her boſome. but huſh: wil't pleaſe your highneſſe enter the houſe.

Orc. The ſuperſtitious More, *Callibens*, does not behold the riſing ſun with greater reverence, than I his ſetting in a bright evening like to this: who knowes when we ſhall have the comfort of his glorious beames againe? either ſome envious clouds may interpoſe themſelves betwixt us; that bright planet, jealous that we are not enough thankefull may withdraw his comfortable heat, without which I would not wiſh to live.

Cal. 'Tis true indeed, the Sun gives life to all and the moſt witty and induſtrious men make great profit by him; thoſe who prepare the ſoyle, & apt it for his beames receive greateſt increaſe. Your highneſs, I feare, takes occaſion

occasion by the Evenings brightnes to excuse your entring under so mean a roofe; but since the great *Cham* appointed you my guest to honour me; goe *Ozaca*, and let the diligence of Servants strive to supply every defect, Ile send away the Sun he meanes.

Or. Nay, *Callibeus*, I would not have you thinke that we misdoubted your lodging or entertainment, wee'l enter when you please, there is a cloud ready to oppose it selfe betwixt the Sun and us. *Exit Orcanes.*

Cal. The Prince in his discourse makes the Sun his bawd, his father I think did intend to torture me, no house but mine, you must be walking, whoore, and entertaine the Prince, but by our prophet thou shalt see no Sun. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Despina and an Eunuch.

Des. What shall I say, I finde I am a weake unconstant woman, sure I have lost my selfe, at least my grief; how pleasure and greatnesse gaines upon our natures! I who wept at first each time their Eunuchs did me reverence, thinking they mockt me, now take a great delight in their observance: sent you for *Osmond*?

Eunuch. He waits without to know your pleasure, tho sildome hath been permitted by the great *Cham* that any should enter here, but he intends not to denie you any thing.

Enter Osmond.

Des. Bring him in and leave us.

Osm. Thus low as to my Princes Mistresse! what was it you intended?

Des. That which civility tied me to, the offer of my lipps, and not my roabe to kisse, you sav'd my honour,

a modeſt kiſs to you could not impaire it then.

Oſm. Should I have kiſt you & been ſeen, death was my ſure reward, nor had the purchaſe been too deare, if ſo I had not been a traitor to my ſelfe and vertue in my diſloyaltie unto my prince.

Def. Thinke it no immodeſty in me but ignorance of your ſtrict cuſtomes: a ſalutation amongſt Chriſtians breeds no ſuſpition of ill.

Oſm. Did ever any under the degree of a prince receave that honor?

Def. They have if you call that an honor.

Oſm. Then it cannot bee in me preſumption to kiſſe your hand, yet I in this too farre doe ſtretch my dutie.

Def. You Tartars beare a greater reverence to your earthly Lords then Chriſtians, though you neglect him that ſhould bee moſt honor'd; but this is from the cauſe I ſent for you: In all that you have done or ſaid that did concerne me if I be not an ill obſerver of mans paſſion you have expreſt a love not to be equall'd, withall ſo great a ſpirit, that even in midſt of all my griefs your merits found a paſſage to my heart, and tho I ſee I ſhall be able to command *Melcoſtus*, and in him the world, yet if you dare applie your courage to the performance of what I ſhall offer, and that effected become a Chriſtian, I ſhall thinke my ſelfe happy, to be againe wholly at your diſpoſing, as I was when you did unkindly to your ſelfe and mee, beſtow me on another.

Enter Melcoſtus.

Oſm. The Great Cham. *Exit Oſmond.*

Mel. Deſpina, accuſe thy owne excellence that makes me interrupt thy privacies, rather then me; for I ſo wholly am become thine, that but to live a minute from thee is a torment; Say beautie abſtract, ſhall this day be more favourable then many that are paſt, may he who can command all, yet hope to obtaine his ſuite?

Def.

Def. Could you command all, you would command that passion in your selfe, which makes you strive to ruine my honor.

Mel. Can it be ruine to your honor, to set you on the highest point of honor, to make you the possessour and disposer of all that your imagination can propose.

Def. How can this be, when I cannot dispose of my poore unworthy self; give me my libertie.

Mel. You should have libertie, were you what you alleadge, unworthy; but it is your inestimable value, makes you a prisoner; what all Poets have fain'd sweet or lovely in other women, is truth in you; these doe so tie you to my heart, that should I grant you libertie, you would beare it a long, so all the empire should be govern'd by a heartless man: yet bribe me with one loving kisse and I trie. With how much scorne you turne awaie. I wrong that power that's given me from above, it was ordain'd I should command, not sue to any. Woman, beautious woman, for more thou art not, what ere my dotage makes thee thinke thy selfe, consider I who may command, entreate, but if refus'd the violence of my affection will compell me to use force.

Def. I know you will not, you have too much prais'd *Osmond* for relieving me from rape, your selfe now to performe it; tho you now seem cruell, yet doe I hope you are just, for I have heard the world esteem you so.

Mel. The act will not be wholly mine; your not to be-resisted beautie first made a rape on me, inforcing me to love you; that love made me desire to enjoy the happines of your embraces, which you denying reason steps in to right my wrong'd affection, and bids me force you, assuring mee, that nature who does nought in vaine, had never taken such paines in framing you so sweet and lovely, but that shee meant some one or other should enjoy that sweetnes; and shall I so farre yield to any others merit, or wrong my fortune which bestow'd

beſtow'd you on me, as not to think I am the happie man appointed by wiſe nature to enjoy you; the Gods cannot in juſtice, after ſo great victories, appoint Melcoſhus the office of a ſlave to be the keeper of ſuch daintie fruit for any other man, and hee himſelfe not taſte it; no I have loſt too many houres of pleaſure, and will no longer ſuffer my ſelfe to bee tormented more then *Tantalus*, for he was forc't to faſt, but fooliſhly I ſtarve having my hands at libertie, and in my power that which will ſatisfie beyond expreſſion. (*aſide.*) { *Hee Offers violence.*

Deſ. Oh Sir, conſider er'e you goe about a deed of ſo much baſenes, how will this ranke amongſt your noble acts to be a murderer, for doe not thinke I will out live my fame; for your owne ſake be wiſe then, if you love mee, and do not rob your ſelfe of the content you may hereafter finde, if you take noble waies and make my heart yours, then you may have a laſting pleaſure now the deed once done will bring repentance ever. { *Aſide.*

Mel. Who would not threaten rape to heare ſuch prettie arguments againſt it. No Deſpina I have no faultie which is not more obedient to thy will then to my owne, each threatening word I utter'd was to my ſelfe a torment: dry thoſe bright eyes that never ſhall have uſe of tears againe, if not for their own crueltie againſt *Melchoſtus*; conſider but my power, and thy owne beautie which would inflame old age, and from thy juſtice my temperance muſt needs find ſome reward.

Deſ. If thus you woe mee, I dare not ſay but time and womans weaknes may make me love you, and for your this daies temperance, this kiſſe be your reward.

Mel. I am tranſported, force can bring no ſuch pleaſure, kiſſe mee againe and by our Prophet, it ſhall ſeal, your honors freedome by an oath: my blood is fir'd, one ſuch

such kisse more would make me breake that promise, for making which this kisse was given me.

Des. Oh Sir.

Mel. But fear not, base passion shall not overthrow my wise and nobler resolutions, for since I love you as you are altogether excellent, I must enjoy *Despina*, not Despina's person onely that's not halfe your selfe; I will not looke on you, your eies tho chaste may more encrease my lust, which my minds pure love makes me now know to be a crime;

And hold our Prophet *Mahomet* unjust,
That made no lawes against a Princes lust. *Exeunt.*

Enter Orcanes and Hosa.

Orc. *Hosa*: is Callibeas gone to court?

Hos. Hee is my Lord.

Orc. Is there no meanes thinkst thou to see his wife?

Hos. It is impossible, his jealousie makes him set spies in every corner.

Orc. I see thou art not read in tricks of love, I have made use of all that art and nature hath bestowed upon me; youth and beauty what woman can resist? or were these wanting, yet a Princes name is a powerfull advocate, I never yet laid siege to any semall Fort, but either by assault or policie I found a way to conquest yet am I carefull of their honors I enjoy, and so dissemble my affection, that each Lady thinkes I onely am her servant; would my youth and beautie ever last, I would not wish to change the life I lead now, to enjoy the Kingdome; altho my father possesse the greatest beautie of the world, yet is it not by stealth: securitie takes from the pleasure 'tis dull so to enjoy a beautie.

Hos. You'l finde your present taske full of difficultie if you delight in that, I do not think you'l ever see her more, *Callibeus* having taken notice of your love.

Orc. He sees, but will not say he sees, being my father's slave

ſlave, he dares not find the leaſt faule: me thinkes ſhee ſhould corrupt ſome Eunuch that attends her, or from her window drop a letter to expreſſe the love I am ſure ſhee beares me.

Hoſa. How are you ſure ſhe loves you?

Orc. Sure ſhe loves me, as ſure as if ſhe had told me ſo, nay, ſurer; her eyes ſpoak plainly, which I will truſt in women more then their tongue: but I am ſo experienced, I cannot well miſſe in either.

Enter Eunuch.

Eun. My Lady doth intreat your Highneſſe, not to walk before her window, for, if my Lord return, and ſee you, he'l be with her offended.

Orc. Return, and tell your Lady, I ſhall be ready to obey any command of hers, though to my own torment.

Eun. I ſhall.

Hoſ. Sir, it appears, ſhe loves you not by this, elſe ſhe would take delight to look on you. { *Call beus above drops a Letter.*

Orc. This letter lay not here, laſt turn we made; before I open it, to let thee ſee, I am the Maſter of my Art, though here's no ſuperſcription, I now tell you, this Letter is to me, and from *Ozaca*, full of affection too.

Hoſ. I ſhall another time believe you, if't be; retire your ſelfe here out of ſight, and read it.

Orc. The Sun, though clouded by jealouſie, will ſhine again, not onely to warm, but inflame, if it have power, thoſe who ſeem to take comfort in his beams. If a reciprocall fire be kindled expreſſe it not in words---- Here's wit, *Hoſa*, beſides beauty. No fair *Ozaca*, not in word, but thus I do expreſſe my zeal. *Hoſa*, ſhee's at the window, but dares not open it, for the *Eunuch*. I have a plot, which thou { *The Letter.*

must needs assist me in, and then shee's mine, spight of her husbands jealousie.

Enter Callibeus, *and Eunuch.*

Call. How in silence he wooed her, and thanks was given for her Letter, as he thought. Was't not a good device in me, to be assured of his intentions; he shall break through forty doores, ere he plant here. Now to *Ozaca*, which I removed into another Chamber, whilst I supplied her place. *Exeunt.*

Enter Osmond *with a Letter.*

Osm. It was a happy fate, that brought the Emperour so to crosse my yielding; how could I have resisted such a motion, comming from her that I adore. Let me consider, become a Christian, flie and marry me: What a temptation's this? I gave this Beauty to *Melcoshus*, and shall I childishly recall my gift, nay, basely steal the jewell of his life, in whom the Kingdomes weal consists? 'twere unexampled treason. Hence thou enticing charme, whose witchcraft almost does enforce me, to forsake my faith and vertue. Stay, become a Christian, that's but to be as she is; and can the heavens be cruell to such, such, sweetnesse? shall not their providence preserve what they have fram'd so excellent, and me, for serving her? Say I forsake our Prophet, and trust upon that Power which she adores, then must I basely flie, forsake *Melcoshus* my dread Lord; and what can recompence that losse, or seem a plausible excuse for such a falshood? Oh yes, to marry fair *Despina*, which she offers, is to be happy in so high a nature, that it would stop the mouth of churlish censure; all would excuse a fault, that brought so great contentment to the guilty, as her embraces must be.

Enter

Enter Melcoſhus.

Mel. Oſmond, thou haſt undone me in thy rich gift.

Of. How, Sir?

Mel. She does, and may, ſo juſtly glory in her own purity, that ſhe diſdains to mix in love with me; and yet, till her denyall taught me to know I was defective, my very thoughts, much more deſires, did never meet a check: Whoſe wife or daughter that I ſhould cover, would not the husband or glad father bring me? or, if their honour maſtered their love or duty, what could reſiſt my power?

Oſm. Nought, but ſuch another excellent creature as *Deſpina*, ſhe can oppoſe your will againſt your power, and make both wait her pleaſure.

Mel. Oh *Oſmond*! could ſhe be equal'd, my love and admiration would grow leſſe; but as it is, I languiſh in deſire, and muſt do ever: Should I uſe force, my royall word were broke to her, whoſe good opinion I ſtrive more to gain, than all the world's; and by thoſe Chriſtian vertues that ſhe propoſes too, Faith and Temperance.

Oſm. Sir, ſince you finde ſo much affliction, would I had never preſented her.

Mel. Oſmond, thou art a traitor in thy wiſh, and nothing could preſerve thee from my rage, but that thou didſt what now thou wiſht thou hadſt not; ſhould my beloved ſon *Orcanes* but ſay, he wiſh'd, that I had never ſeen *Deſpina*, by *Mahomet*, his life were forfeit: For, though I for the preſent finde ſome torment in her denyalls, yet, by one ſmile, ſhe may advance me to a happineſſe, above all earthly Monarchs; what will her kiſſes do then, I mean, when ſhe ſhall give them freely, uncompell'd, tranſport me from my ſelfe, the meer imagination does almoſt perform it; and ſee, amazement leave me, that I may expreſſe.

preſſe ſome part of the content I feel, in viewing this deer obj.ct, thus to approach me, ſmiling, nay, as if ſhe meant to make me happy, by commanding ſomthing.

Enter Deſpina.

D ſ. I am indeed a ſuitor, but cannot hope I ſhall prevail yet, piety commands me to make tryall, ſince 'tis for ſome of my religion, and your enemies.

Mel. Though they had plotted againſt my life, I freely pardon them; you cannot ask me that I will not grant you; and in your ſervant, all that's mortall ſhall obey you: nay, *Mahomet* himſelfe ſhall ceaſe to be adored, if he be not aſſiſtant to your wiſhes.

Deſ. I have no further ſuit, onely let *Oſmond* ſee performed, what I ſhall now direct him.

Mel. On thy allegiance, *Oſmond*, that, and all ſhe ſhall command thee elſe: with greater care, and more devotion, I ſhould perform it than ere I offered yet at *Mecha*.

Deſ. The Emperour ſpeaks, dear *Oſmond*, as if he knew what I intend to command you.

Oſm. Divineſt Lady, what's the occaſion, wherein your trembling Vaſſail may expreſſe his care and duty.

Enter Haly.

Deſ. Dear *Oſmond*, look not pale, nor ſhake ſo, but mark thoſe few words, which this ſhort time will ſuffer me to ſpeak. I ſo much love thee, that again I offer to flie, now when opportunity preſents it ſelfe: For, my ſuit unto *Melcothus*, which you muſt ſee performed, is, to ſet free a Chriſtian Merchant, with his ſhip and men, with whom, we being both diſguiſed, may 'ſcape away; or ſhould we be diſcovered, to die would not much grieve me. Your anſwer in a word.

Oſm. Could paradiſe be gained by crooked paths, I would

would not tread them. I grant, to be your husband, were to enjoy a heaven upon earth; for the danger in attaining that, would but add unto the happineſſe. I ſhould a thouſand times repent me of my gift, did not he priſe you to your value, if it be poſſible; but ſince he does, and only can continue you in your full luſtre, making you ſhine a wonder to the world, far be it from the thought of *Oſmond*, to yield ſo far to paſſion, as to deſtroy his Maſters happineſſe, and his own faith. For you, if you ſhall but in thought continue this deſigne, the Gods will puniſh you, for offering to oppoſe their fixt decrees, ſince 'tis apparent by your equall merits, you onely were appointed for *Melcoſhus*, and he for you.

Deſp. Do you refuſe me then?

Mel. Ha! dares *Oſmond* expect to live, after refuſing what ſhe ſhall command.

Oſm. I do not wiſh it, Sir.

Deſp. My paſſion made me to forget, Sir. *Oſmond* is the nobleſt of your ſervants, and ready to obey me.

Mel. To ſhew the power you have o're me, I freely pardon him, nor ſhall your commendations light in vain on any much leſſe on *Oſmond*; I here create thee Baſha of *Aleppo*.

Oſm. Sir, you will but in this, foreſtall my future ſervices, and rob me of deſert to climb by a way I rather ſhould have wiſh'd to tread. But when I do conſider, Madam, 'tis your praiſe, no other womans, that advances me, it ſhewes, my merit was not ſmall, ſince I attain'd your good opinion, which fully ſatisfies.

Deſp. 'Tis nobly ſaid of *Oſmond*; yet, ſince his denyall, I look on him with other eyes. *Melcoſhus* greatneſſe, and his love exceeding that, makes ſome impreſſion in me. [*Floriſh.*]

Mel. Say thou bright Angell, is there ought wherein *Melcoſhus* may expreſſe his love.

Desp. Your humble vassail's too much honour'd, who rather does deserve your frown for her presumption. [*Masque.*]

Mel. There are some sports, which you perchance have heretofore deigned to behold. *Exeunt.*

Enter Haly, *two* Captaines. (*Florish.*)

Hal. You see the Emperour throwes by all care of Subjects, addicting himself wholly to pleasure; daies, weeks, and months he spends with *Despina*, that painted Sorceresse: and when he heares of any revolted Province or of preparing enemies, he askes, how fair *Despina* slept that night, affirming, that in her alone, was losse or victory. Revolt of subjects! I oft have heard him wish, that all his subjects love were turned to hate, so that his goddesse would but favour him: Was't not a Kingly wish?

1. *Cap.* 'Tis strange, our Emperour should thus doat upon a captive, a Christian too.

Hal. Aye, fellow souldiers; but consider to what a passe we now are grown, to be thus governed; we, who have power to make the world ours, all Kings obey us, thus to be led to ruine, nay, to a ruine that we see apparent: I dare not say, but I could wish, that we did not quite forget the power of Souldiers. We had power, when 'twas to raise *Meleshus* for his vertues.

Cap. 'Tis true, his vertues made him Emperour (rather his seeming vertues, more they were not) and they being counterfeit, if we be firm to him that's fallen into vice and imbecillity, we forsake vertue and our own strength: Some in the Camp equall his former worth, then far outgo his present.

Enter. Messenger.

Mess. Odmer, and some other of the Captains, will streight be here.

Hal.

Hal. 'Tis well, I know you are friends to those that love the Souldier; for my part, I will not promise much, yet, if the gods shall breed a change, and think me worthy of advancement, vertue shall steer me wholly.

1. *Cap.* We know it shall, most noble *Haly*; and when the time growes ripe, expect our utmost aid.

2. *Cap.* Wee'l not be found here, least *Odmer* should suspect our friendship to you; wee'l rather seem to come by accident, hearing of his being here. *Exeunt Cap.*

Hal. You shal do well: By seeming vertuous, I have the faith corrupted of many others in the Army; but these, though they perceive that I aspire, yet for their own ends, they'l assist my plots, preceeding, as if { *A* we believ'd each other vertuous. Love to our { *Table.* Country moves us; yes, as much as it does the Crocodile, that laments that creature, which she means to make her prey. How e're, *Melcesius* is careful of the souldiers good, and most ambitious of their love. I have so wrought upon them by flattery, that he not once suspects, how they distaste his easie pleasant life, their bane; nor shall he know't, untill the errour ruine him, in all opinion, and make me powerfull. I will observe and flatter him in smallest things, all must run smooth and eeven; he shall not see, at least not hear, a discontented man, yet underhand, by injuries, I'le make the greatest so; then by my instruments so work them, that they shall fix their eyes on me as their sole remedy, being the only man that loves his Country. True, the masque of vertue I put on, must be worn cunningly indeed. *Odmer*, that Fox too I must ruine, by his own honesty and faith unto his Prince; I cannot be secure of any plot whilst he hath breath, and here he comes,

Enter Odmer and Captains.

Odmer. According to your desire I am come and pray *Mahomet* our present meeting may produce some happy issue for the good of our Soveraign.

Ha. Amen, good *Odmer*, sit, sit, most noble friends, you the Pillars of the Empire, upon which the huge *Colossus* of our Princes fame was rail'd: here is not at this Table (I to my comfort speake it to be so honour'd) a man that does not merit to lead himselfe an Army, I being exempted. What victory did our *Melchoakus* get, that some brave Arme here did not act wonders, I dare not say equall to what he did? yet to continue doing bravely still, is fair for Souldiers: for Kings sometimes slack in their worth. But Ours you'l say is gracious, carefull of the State and souldiers.

Ol. I know not what they'l say, but I must say so, and withall add if you think not so too, you are a flatterer: for have not I heard *Haly* with faire words smooth o're the errours of the King small in themselves at first, but by your conformation still continued not amended, as not thought wrongfull actions.

Ha. I grant good *Odmer* when I have seene the Emperour inraged not to be contradicted but with danger, I have applied my selfe to serve his humour for the present, hoping my reason afterwards might better overthrow his errour, when it should be forsaken by his passion, nor fail'd I of't; but were it not madness in any that should tell him, that this his dotage on *Despina* makes him neglect his office? how all the Souldiers that have any spirit or sense of their vast wrongs talke of electing them another Emperour who better shall distinguish betwixt their honour'd scarrs, and upstart Ignorants, who ne're shed drop of Enemies blood

blood, or had their own ſpilt to advance his glory? would you have me tell him this, though all yet know, this is truth.

Od. Though I know this is falſe, how e're opinion ſway the envious and ignorant; yet did you think it true; were you true ſubjects you would tell it him: but he that fears his loſſe of life more then his loſs of faith and honour, thinks no reward can equall ſuch a hazard.

2. *Cap.* Then *Odmer*, yo'u would ſeem as if your faith and love ſo far tranſport you, bove your reaſon that you durſt tell the Emperour this.

Ha. No *Odmer*, twere 'follie.

Od. Haly, to you it may appeare ſo; but may *Odmer* be as cold in duty as you, and find what it deſerves, ſome heavy puniſhment: if he do not make known e're long, unto his Soveraigne how he dayly loſes his Souldiers love, for that I grant is truth though undeſerv'd from him; for he hath ſtill defir'd to give them all their dues, nay bin more liberall then his Anceſtors how ere falſe ſervants and corrupted miniſters have deceiv'd his truſt: the ſweeteſt and moſt plentious ſprings paſſing through noyſome and ſtraight paſſages may loſe their comfortable qualities; even you my Lord (I muſt be plaine) have wrought your ſelfe to ſuch a power by the advantage of your birth and his imploying you that all depend on you more then on him: all that you think will pleaſe the Souldiers you make your Act, the Emperour by you induc'd to it, and by you perform'd; but what may give them cauſe of murmur or diſcontent, that you give out that you perſwade him from: thus doe you rob him of his greateſt wealth the Souldiers love, and in the ſtead of it procure their hatred for him, which juſtly you deſerve. But would that tyrant, Love, releaſe him, that he might ſhew himſelfe againe in Armes, and look about him, he ſoon would

would know, that *Haly* his most trusted councellour hath abused his trust, whilst he hath bin fast lull'd asleep with pleasure.

Ha. Zealous *Odmer*, what you have spoke might seeme an injurie not to be borne, to those that did not know us both: who would think I could suffer in my own house my loyaltie thus to be call'd in question nay condemn'd? for you have spoke no lesse then what might brand me for a Traitour. But know good *Odmer* your zeale thrice heated by your envy, to see me greater then your selfe not only in my place but in the souldiers love, can no way sindg my reputation, or make my faith mistrusted by my Prince; and since I know you cannot hurt, my own power garding me, but most that innocence which I have ever borne as the best shield against all slanders; I am so farre from being angry, that I profess I love you, and will advise you for your honours sake, which else might suffer since you are honest *Odmer* To tell the Emperour all things are amiss; the greatest danger that can arise to you, he being of a gentle nature, will be but stranglings; or, may be, for the kind office you shall take upon you to be his tutor, (for it was never known that any yet counsel'd him unask'd) his fauchion may be imployed that he may view your brains who would be wiser then your Lord.

1. *Cap.* Faith *Odmer*, tell him: my Lord counsel's well.

Ha. First let him know (my faults) if you intend I should be punisht; you'l have no time when you have told him (his.)

Of. *Haly*, you speak to me in scorne; but I perchance shall doe that which would fright thee even to death onely to think on't.

Ha. *Odmer*, your blood is stir'd and you are angry.

Of. If thou hadst given me any reall cause, this

place

place, nor these, should not protect thee; but since I know thy plotting brain to be thy only weapon, thou canst not move me, and so I leave you. *Exit.*

2. *Cap.* My Lord, will you endure this?

Ha. Let him alone, the honest fool is running to his ruine.

1. *Cap.* As how, what danger?

Hal. Danger enough, *Melcoshus* frown, for he'l inform him what he hath promised.

1. *Cap.* By *Mahomet*, he dares not.

Ha. He will, I know his humour best, or if you please to call it simple honesty, you may, which I have wrought upon by opposing; so shall his faith serve my aspiring ends.

Odmer once sacrificed for truth, who'l be *Melcoshus*'s friends? *Exeunt.*

Enter Orcanes *and* Callibeus.

Or. 'Tis strange, my Father should so doat. I thought in time, the force of his affection would have abated; but on the contrary, his love increases, never was such a change. What poor things are we, when our lust hath once overthrown our reason! that any man of spirit should so far yield to passion, as to become his captives captive! and all this coyle onely for obtaining that, which in the enjoying does not yield a minutes pleasure: How happy am I, that have no such desires.

Enter Hosa.

Cal. Oh hypocrite!

Orc. Have you done what I bad you?

Hos. Yes, you shall see the effects on't immediately.

Orc. The truth is; our Lawes gives us too great a liberty that way; how much better were it, might every

would know, that *Haly* his most trusted councellour hath abused his trust, whilst he hath bin fast lull'd asleep with pleasure.

Ha. Zealous *Odmer*, what you have spoke might seeme an injurie not to be borne, to those that did not know us both: who would think I could suffer in my own house my loyaltie thus to be call'd in question nay condemn'd? for you have spoke no lesse then what might brand me for a Traitour. But know good *Odmer* your zeale thrice heated by your envy, to see me greater then your selfe not only in my place but in the souldiers love, can no way sindg my reputation, or make my faith mistrusted by my Prince; and since I know you cannot hurt, my own power garding me, but most that innocence which I have ever borne as the best shield against all slanders; I am so farre from being angry, that I profess I love you, and will advise you for your honours sake, which else might suffer since you are honest *Odmer* To tell the Emperour all things are amiss; the greatest danger that can arise to you, he being of a gentle nature, will be but strangling; or, may be, for the kind office you shall take upon you to be his tutor, (for it was never known that any yet counsel'd him unask'd) his fauchion may be imployed that he may view your brains who would be wiser then your Lord.

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Of. If thou hadst given me any reall cause, this place

place, nor theſe, ſhould not protect thee; but ſince I know thy plotting brain to be thy only weapon, thou canſt not move me, and ſo I leave you. *Exit.*

2. *Cap.* My Lord, will you endure this?

Ha. Let him alone, the honeſt fool is running to his ruine.

1. *Cap.* As how, what danger?

Hal. Danger enough, *Melcoſhus* frown, for he'l inform him what he hath promiſed.

1. *Cap.* By *Mahomet*, he dares not.

Ha. He will, I know his humour beſt, or if you pleaſe to call it ſimple honeſty, you may, which I have wrought upon by oppoſing; ſo ſhall his faith ſerve my aſpiring ends.

Odmer once ſacrificed for truth, who'l be *Melcoſhus*'s friends? *Exeunt.*

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Enter Hoſa.

Cal. Oh hypocrite!

Orc. Have you done what I bad you?

Hoſ. Yes, you ſhall ſee the effects on't immediately.

Orc. The truth is; our Lawes gives us too great a liberty that way; how much better were it, might every

ry man onely enjoy one woman? for, luſt doth both corrupt the bodies and the ſouls of men.

Cal. What means this ſeeming ſanctity? it does indeed my Lord, it is a moſt ugly vice, though to the great ones tolerated.

Orc. I do proteſt, my Father's errour doth ſo much leſſen him from what he was, that I'le forſwear the very company of women; bewitching Syrens, that confounds our judgments.

Fire, fire, fire. [*within.*]

Cal. What noiſe is that, ha, fire!

Enter Orc. Hoſa.

Orc. My Lord, I'le to the Court this morning.

Finis Actus ſecundi. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus tertius.

Enter Orcanes *and* Ozaca.

Oz. Sir, I beſeech you think not meanly of me; for having won me thus, thus without parly, I freely muſt confeſſe, the force you uſed did not diſpleaſe me, whatſoe're I ſeem'd; for, I did ſomething love you, before mine eyes were bleſt with viewing your perfections; yet, modeſty or fear to be contemned, would have for ever cloſed my lips.

Orc. Why, fair *Ozaca*, did not you by a Letter dropt from your window one day make me know my happineſſe, in your requitall of affection, in the ſame phraſe, to that I ſpoke at firſt in, to let you know, I was your ſervant, though your husband then were preſent, I doubting a ſecond opportunity.

Oz. Alas, my Lord, I did not know your meaning, if you ſpoke to that effect: but it may be, my husband prompted by a juſt fear, did underſtand you; for you

are

are made up of ſweetneſſe, that might tempt an angell.

Orc. My behaviour gave him no cauſe of ſuſpicion ſure.

Oz. His jealouſie proceeding from his exceſſe of love to me, made him believe, it ſeemes, I was an object worthy of your eye, when indeed the god of love pitty ing my ſilent languiſhing, did rather wound you, to ſhew his power, than that my beauty could command affection from one, ſo far in all reſpects above me: And if you did receive any Letter to that effect, he writ it as from me, none elſe durſt have preſumed.

Orc. 'Tis certain, and he himſelfe hath been the unhappy happy inſtrument, to make me now enjoy the miracle of nature; for, had I not been ſo encourag'd by that Letter, I ſhould not have thus ventured on this raſh attempt, of firing the houſe.

Oz. Sweet Prince, I fear ſome jealous pang may take my husband, and he return before the fire be quenched, and finde you; at leaſt the Eunuch may.

Orc. Shall I then ſo ſoon leave you?

Oz. Oh yes, you muſt; yet do not, except you every day could ſet a Garden-houſe on fire; for, without ſome ſuch extraordinary means, we hardly ſhall again enjoy each others company, which how ſweet it is to me, let this kiſſe witneſſe, being more then ever yet I offered to my husband.

Orc. Let us not part, what danger can be equall to this happineſſe? By *Mahomet*, I ne're till now did find content with any woman. Why ſhould a ſubject be thus bleſt. Let this make all my other conqueſts be forgotten, over other women; for I am now what I have often ſeem'd, but never was in earneſt, in Love, nay taken after the enjoying. [*knock within*

Oz. Oh me, we are undone, one knocks, I fear my husband's. Confuſion on them.

Cal. Ho *Ozaca*, Ho *Ozaca*.

Oza.

Oz. 'Tis he: what will become of me?

Orc. Spare those tears, or rather let them fall to save your honour, by seeming, as if I had used violence. To say, that I at all have not injur'd you, were to no purpose, he'l ne're believe it: Put your selfe in such a posture, as may beget beliefe. My birth shall save me from all danger; or should I perish, so I save your honour, it matters not.

Enter Callibeus.

Cal. What, asleep *Ozaca*, and such a fire. I'le use my private key. The Prince! now, all the furies, had the house been burnt, ay, all the house, nay, all that's in't, my selfe, I had been far lesse miserable. For ever let all comfort cease, *Ozaca* is a strumpet, I am dishonour'd, the boyes will hoot at me as I passe the street. Sensibly I feel my selfe transformed from man to beast.

Orc. Thou'rt too much honour'd slave: that I should take so much pains, and onely once enjoy that, which thou maist possesse at ease, and often! For her, she is so far from being a strumpet, that shee's chaster in thought then thou couldst wish her, how e're her person suffered violence. Behold an object, if any thing could move me to repent so soon of that, wherein I lately took such pleasure, those lovely cheeks bath'd in her tears, my friends it seemes, who by their quantity, would wash from off her face those bloody stains, the witnesses of my rude act.

Oz. Hence from me, Serpent.

Cal. Oh, leave my house, lest I forget you are *Mahomets* son: but for thee, strumpet.

Orc. Build not on my ill laid foundation, make not the rape I have committed, the cause of any future injuries to her, for so you shall on me lay greater weights of sin, which I'le revenge on thee. And Lady, though I know I do appear to you a devill, nay worse;

yet,

yet, when you shall consider your own beauty, you'l excuse me something.--- What, spit at me { *spits at him.*
being your Prince; nay, then I know my crime was hainous; your eyes too, that may give life to others, like to the *Basilisks*, do strike me dead. Remember *Callibeus*. *Exit.*

Cal. Abus'd and threatned! I am too tame, I'le after him; rather, revenge me on this whore that did allure him.

Oz. Do, you cannot add unto my misery: I am already made unworthy of your bed, dishonour'd, ravish'd; and you that should revenge the wrong, are cold in taking vengeance, though in hot blood: You that could let him part, having a sword so neer your hand, and such a cause to use it in, will shortly bring me to him, nay, be assistant, whilst he ravisht me again; but you would rather use it against me than him: if so, behold this breast, sometime the subject of your praise; imploy it then, and take away the cause of your dishonour; No? give it me { *she offers to pul out his sword.*
then, and you shall see----

Cal. Hold, what wouldst thou do?

Oz. Free my selfe from misery, since you refuse to do it.

Cal. *Ozaca*, I confesse I was too cold in my revenge; indeed I doubted, whether thou hadst yielded willingly or not; but now that I do know thy vertue, and am my self collected by my reason, I finde indeed, there was no cause of jealousie in thee at all, how e're my extream love made me suspitious: I shall forgive the offence, I hope, nay, 'twas none, since 'twas against thy will; and after some small time, receive thee to my bed: For my revenge I have a way, that without blood I'le find my satisfaction.

Oz. For that, Sir, as you please; but never will I come within your bed, I am not worthy: as a soyl'd garment

garment, throw me by, seeing another man hath us'd me.

Cal. Not for the world, my *Orsaca*, thou art still worthy.

Or. Too worthy, since *Orcanes* loves, to be enjoyed by thee. [*Aside.*] *Exeunt.*

Enter Melcoshus *and* Osmond.

Mel. Oh my dear *Osmond*, grant me but one requeste.

Osm. you may command, Sir.

Mel. Become my partner in the Empire, for thou hast given me more then the whole, in my most kinde *Despina*: for shee's no longer cruell, I have enjoyed her freely, by her own consent, which does expresse more happinesse, then all the tongues of men can utter.

Osm. You owe me nought for this. When I presented her, then she was coy and cruell; if by your noble usage you have won her to crown your wishes, the debt was due unto your sufferings, and you now are paid, which I rejoyce in.

Mel. The joy, my *Osmond*, is so great, that if I do not by communicating delay it something, it will be dangerous.

Osm. Sir, I believe there is none living, that sooner could conceive your happinesse than I, since none doth more admire and reverence *Despina*. For, were a love from me to her as warrantable, as 'tis from me to you, grounded on vertue, I sure should equall, if not exceed you in affection; nay, could she love again, be happier: for all the love that she can render you, is to your merits and your fortunes due; But if she that's above me shal descend, my happiness beyond yours must extend. This, Sir, I speak only, to let you know, I see the way, which the gods by chance had left open, to my

my happines in *Despina*; but knowing that it was by chaunce, and that they did not intend to any subject such a beautie, I forbore, nay thought my selfe most happie in that they chose me for their instrument to salve the error by presenting you with what they had provided for you, and which it seemes they ment to crowne your conquests with.

Enter Despina, Haly, Captains.

Mel. Osmond, in all thy words and actions thou art perfect: next her that now appears, I do esteeme thee, for if there be one corner in my heart, that is not filld with her, thou dost possesse it, nay thou art mingled with each loving thought of her. Oh my *Despina*, how glorious thou appear'st! the Sunne is but a cold and obscure lampe compar'd with thy two heavenly eies, from whose sparkling fires all that behold except my selfe must perish, but I by their more gentle influence breath in a temperate pleasant ayre, or should I be consum'd with others, yet t'is permitted mee to kisse these lips which might restore me, but should this more enflame me, which is possible, yet would those eies produce such pearly drops for their owne crueltie in haveing so consum'd their faithfullest adorer, that it would quench even their owne fire, and so preserve me still the happiest of men.

Des. May I prove worthy of your favours, and in my future love and service make satisfaction for the time of ignorance, and disobedience that's past; my present happines, best makes me see my errour.

Mel. No more, least I do surfet: had you kill'd my father, nay revild our Prophet the highest crime, this were too much.

Haly. Our Prophet should have appeard unjust, if he had made *Melcosus* so farre in worth above all other men, & not rewarded that unequall'd merit: which what

could ſo well do as this rare creature? The Prince *Orcanes*.

Enter Orcanes.

Mel. Now my ſonne *Orcanes*, are all things ready for our ſports?

Orc. Sir, all attend you.

Mel. Orcanes, tell me hadſt thou a beautie like to this, wouldſt thou go hunt and leave her tho but for an hower, could all varietie of pleaſures els be joynd, and in one minuts time their quinteſſentiall part enjoy'd, I would not loſe her companie that minute: nor wouldſt thou, hadſt thou once taſted my delights; but as it is, hunt, my *Orcanes*, and in that enjoy the greateſt delight of mortalls: but for me, I have pleaſure in my divine *Deſpina*, far above ſenſe, tho ſenſe convaie it to my underſtanding, and am immortalizd by my vaſt joyes? *Exeunt.*

Haly. Was ever ſuch dotage, is this a man to governe us? no, fellow ſoldiers, no.

1 *Cap.* Hee muſt not long, if we be men, and have but ſenſe to ſee our miſeries in him, and what a happie people we ſhould be under ſome other.

Haly. Farewell moſt truſtie friends. *Exit.*

2. *Cap.* We ſhall rule the world, we that are ſoldiers.

1. *Cap.* Who can tell, *Haly* being advanc'd may grow as lazie.

2. *Cap.* Then downe with him, and chooſe another.

1. *Cap.* Is that the friendſhip you beare him?

2. *Cap.* My profit and my pleaſure are thoſe with whom I onely keep friendſhip, nor have you, on my knowledge, any other reſolution; eachman purſues his owne deſires, there's no ſuch thing as faith left in the world but amongſt our Mufti.

1. *Cap.* Are they there?

2. *Cap.* Yes, in their bookes, and now and then upon occaſion we have on't.

1. *Cap.*

1. *Cap.* Doe they no more? we ſpeake of vertue too, and ſeem to ſhowe our love too't, our preſent deſignes are to be ſheltred under a pretence of love to our countrie.

2. *Cap.* And ſo tis, man: come neere, examine theſe things. *Haly* hath power and will advance us with himſelfe, let that ſatisfie: The Emperour and *Callibeus*: ſtand cloſe, we may perhaunce hare ſome thing that will availe us the Emperour truſts him much.

Enter Melcoshus and Callibeus.

Mel. Now, *Callibeus*, what's the important cauſe that you thus preſſe upon my privacies, have you receav'd intelligence of any forraine Enimie, or that our perſon here at home's in danger; ſay, if not ſo, you have preſum'd tho we eſteeme you much, to rob us of *Deſpinaes* companie a minute.

Cal. Dread Sir, your pardon then, I come for juſtice.

Mel. Juſtice *Callibeus*? to whom is it denied within our kingdome?

Cal. The perſon againſt whom I muſt complaine, Sir, is exempted from all puniſhment, excepting, that which your ſelfe ſhall lay upon him.

Mel. Name him.

Cal. The act, Sir, is ſo foule that I dare name him, it is your ſon *Orcanes* whom I accuſe as a guiltie perſon, I beſeech you look on him, and do me juſtice; my wife by him is raviſh'd, diſhonor'd: the lawes of hoſpitalitie were of no other then onely to performe his wickednes: oh Sir, conſider that you lodg'd him in my houſe and if you puniſh not, you ſhall appeare an acceſſarie.

Mel. What proofe of this?

Cal. Oh Sir, too much, I tooke him all moſt in the violent act; beſides he glories in it too.

Mel. Degenerate baſtard, for could a ſonne of mine

commit so base an act; had I usd force, where had my joyes in *Despina* bin? but yet I must not seeme as if I did intend to punish, for the injurer is my sonne, the injur'd but my slave.

Cal. Oh justice, Sir.

Mal. Why *Callibeus*, art not thou my slave, and if my son have forc'd thy wife, is shee not more my slave whom thou commandest; twas disobedience, either in her, or thee, that did not offer, what hee was pleas'd to like: he too much honor'd thee, and like a common guest fed of the same dish with thee; go, be gone, and hold thy self happie, that I do not inflict a punishment upon thee, both for the evill thou wisht upon my sonne, and for thy present troubling. *Exit.*

Cal. You Gods! is this *Melcoshus* justice, for which he hath bin so renowned? but his fond love hath ruin'd all his vertue: farewell all faith and dutie which hitherto hath bin by me inviolately kept.

1. *Cap.* Lose not this opportunitie, hee's discontented, let's strive to make him ours; my Lord, by accident we overheard your injuries, and grieve so much that we will assist you to redresse them, you know wee still have honor'd you.

Calli. I know you are my friends, tis true that I am injurd, past sufferance.

1. *Cap.* We will give you ease. *Exeunt omnes*

Finis Actus Tertii

Actus. Quartus.

Enter Osmond.

Osm. I Was too scrupulous, my dutie did not binde me to give that to another without the which I could not live my selfe; 'twas against reason & I was drunk with zeale, els I had never done it: I with the danger of my life did purchase her, and heaven did ratifie, it seem'd, the conquest, since they made, her love equallie: shee is not wanting in affection, yet, for ought I know, shee now sent for me to tell me; although her person be the Emperours yet her heart is mine, nay both by stealth this, this corrupt flesh & blood would basely have me thinke, but vertue & honor which must rule my soul tells me these are ignoble thoughts, and ill befit the faith of *Osmond*, who allwaies hath applied himselfe to vertue, how ever weake in his performances; nay something noble bids me arme my selfe so strongly in my vertue, that tho she should become a suiter, yet not to grant and, by our *Prophet* if my flesh against my faith rebell and shee consent, He free my nobler soul, and send this trunck to hell--but all these feares are needles for so much goodnes shines in her face that sure her heart is far from being emptie rather a magazine from whose aboundance all that do want, might be supplied could they be sensible of their povertie: According to your command, behold your slave.

Enter Despina.

Des. Osmond how ere the Emperour, in my command ore him, makes all the empire subject to my will, yet if you kneele I must not be exempt: for well you know I love you.

Osm. I feare.

Des. Yet not so as heretofore, tis now a sisterlie affection.

Osm. Thanks heaven.

Des. Which that I may witnes more then in words accept this from me, not as they in themselves are rich, but as they are made so to you in being my gift; and let them tell you when you look on them, that there is nothing in Despinas power, her faith kept sacred to *Melcoshus*, whom now I in my soul adore, but that you may command as freely, as you might a sister that entirely loves you.

Osm. Vertue I see is ne're without reward: how far I am exalted in this joy above what sin could have produc'd: your pardon, madam, though my thanks come slow, yet they are sure, I am overjoyed and want words to expresse my selfe, not in the riches of what you have given but in your protestation that you love me so, as my owne soul desir'd.

Des. The emperour knowes I love you more then any, and is pleas'd it should be so, nor need you keep that distance that all others doe, but freely visit me. I have a suit concerning the releasing some poore prisoners for which you from the Emperour must receave order, who strait will visit me.

Osm. I am too happie to continue long so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Melcoshus and Odmer.

Od. Did not my love unto your sacred selfe make me preferr dutie before danger, I should as others do in silence onely mourn, the ruines of your state and murderd honor.

Mel. Ha.

Odm. But though I know that he which thus undermines you, hath power to give me death with studied torments, by turning that which loyaltie makes me utter, to rash presumption in your acceptation, yet i'le become a zealous priest and sacrifice my selfe to shew your danger; what though your passion will not let

let you reade a faithfull warning writ in my bloody intralls, and ſo you'l thinke the ſacrificer mad, I from the Gods ſhall finde a recompence; having diſcharged a faithfull Subjects part to heaven and you, th'end of my creation.

Mel. Odmer, thou ſtill haſt found beleefe, nor have thy feares at any time bin idle: name what thou mean'ſt.

Od. Firſt draw your ſword, then promiſe you will heare me out ere you make uſe of it, for I ſhall move you highly; the ſore I come to launch is too much feſterd to be cur'd with flatterie.

Mel. Ti's ſtrange, I promiſe thee, how? is my honour tainted, or my ſtate in danger?

Od. I ſhould not neede to let you ſee the perill and diſhonor that attends your too much Love (I dare not call it dotage) on *Deſpina*, if your owne judgment were at libertie that better could informe you.

Mel. Traitor thou canſt not ſpeake eternally, then I ſhall be reveng'd for blaſphemie and breake no oath: Can love to her be dotage?

Od. Conſider, Sir, what you have loſt by loving her, oh could you ſee, but you are hood winck'd by your luſt, from what a pitch of honour you are faln, you would finde that word too little to expreſſe it; conſider what you were at taking of the city, to you accurſt though gotten by a glorious victory; all neighbour Princes fear'd you ſo as does the leſſer hawke the Kingly Eagle when he takes his flight no one durſt keep the skies to ſearch a prey, but glad to flag their fearfull wings, and ſeeke the obſcure earth for ſafeties for your owne ſubjects they ſo honor'd you that daily they committed blaſphemie, making you, equall to our Prophet in all that could immortalize a man; now each Prince ſeemes to ſcorn you and your power, knowing your noble faculties are aſleep nay murder'd by your luſtfull paſſion. What need they care to do you injuries

that cannot leave your Miſtreſſe to revenge them; your Souldiers that from your examples had their valours ſteel'd againſt their enemies onely ſeeing you undermine your ſelfe and them in your ill goverment, turne likewiſe traitors to themſelves and you, ſwearing a captive ſhall not governe them, they muſt have one to lead them forth to war; nor is this only the common Souldier's ſaying, apt after eaſe to mutinie, but even the greateſt Captaines hold this reſolution.

Mel. Peace, No more.

Odm. If not for ſhame yet for the dangers ſake bethink your ſelfe; in you the kingdome ſuffers; ſtruggle a little but for liberty; our Prayers ſhall untwiſt your bands; and, once free, your vertues ſoon will ſhine againe; ſo ſhall you make the world believe it was no fault of yours, rather the envy of the gods that kept you in obſcurity ſo long; for had your vertues not bin thus eclipſed, you might have darkned theirs: Now Sir if you miſtruſt the truth of what I have delivered, or that my zeale hath made me to deliver truth unreverently, behold my heart which may for both or either ſatisfie; and if you ſearch each corner you ſhall find that envie moves me not, nor feare to loſe my power by her ingroſing all your favours: no my ſoul beares witneſſe with me, your ſafetie and the generall good did only prompt my tongue, in what I utter'd.

Mel. O *Imer*, thou haſt preſum'd above that freedome that even dull Chriſtians doe allow their ſervants, but thou borne my ſlave thus preſumptuouſly to enter into my greateſt ſecrets, to rip up my faults before my face, and as it were by force pull from out my armes my deareſt *Deſpina*, what canſt thou hope for but death by ſome un heard of torments?

Od. Sir if you intend ſtill to purſue your pleaſure: ſelling your honour and the kingdomes ſafety for a

few

few wanton kiſſes, I can expect no leſs; but if the ſpirit of great *Melchoſhus*, ſtrangled by ſloath and wantonneſs, againe reſpire by a true ſervant's zealous conjurations making his body move to noble deeds ſuch as may even out ſhine his braveſt anceſtors, then I may chance to die a gentler death, a nobler can I never. I rather would be ſacrifiſ'd for truth and loyaltie, then be rewarded for baſe flattery.

Mel. Becauſe thou wert brought up with me a child, and many wayes approv'dſt thy ſelfe faithfull; I pardon thee this preſumption, and ere long thou and thoſe of thy opinion ſhall know that I am able to govern my paſſion, perhaps, to their amazement.

Exeunt

Enter Orcanes, and Hoſa, ſeverally.

Hoſa So ſoon return'd from hunting Sir.

Orc. What comfort can it be for me to follow beaſts, having ſuch a beauty in purſuite, for know, my friend, that my affection is more violent than it was before I did enjoy her. In that I imitate my father who now doats more upon *Deſpina* than ever. But, know you, what the *Baſha* hath complain'd unto my father, that I have forc'd his wife; we ſo well did diſſemble; but ſuch an anſwer did my father give him, that thou ſhalt ſee hee'l bring *Ozaca* to me, nay be content to hold the door, whilſt I againe enjoy her.

Hoſa. But do you think my Lord he will indure it, will he not by ſome private means ſeeke a revenge.

Orc. He dares not, he is too tame: but ſtood my Father as ſtrictly on the poynt of juſtice, as heretofore, ere love had ſoften'd him, I ſhould feare his frown, but feeling dayly the force of beauty in *Deſpina*, he will looke upon my act with favourable eyes.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My Lord the Emperour seeing you returne desires your company.

Orc. Ile waite upon him, *Hosa*, this night I have contrived a way, if 't be possible, at least to see *Ozaca*. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Melchosthus.

Mel. My valour, vigilance, and justice made me Commander over this numerous people, with when I have acquired an Empire, and made the neighbour world stand amaz'd fearing my fierce invasion; but by my sloathfull life I am become hated; nay worse, contemn'd by my own subjects, as thought unfit to governe, but since by the goodnesse of our blessed Prophet my eyes are open'd, and I see my error, Ile tread those vertuous paths again that did advance me, and the first act that must incite to look with favourable eyes on my proceedings, shall be the justice Ile perform on my degenerate Son *Orcanes*. What though he were, next my *Despina* the comfort of my life, I can know no partiality to him, nor to my selfe, in prejudice of justice; yet it may falsely brand me with the name of cruell and unnaturall. My Son *Orcanes*, I hear you have a Mistresse, fair I confess and chaste most certainly: for you did gaine her by a boistrous way.

Enter Orcanes.

Orc. Sir it were in vain for me to denie it, since *Callibeus* hath inform'd you, Sir 'tis true her beauty did compell me.

Mel. It was impossible thou shouldst believe *Ozaca* to be more beautifull then *Despina* in my temperance, then although my cause of passion far outwent thine, behold how far thou art from being the son of my vertues, to shew thy baseness I extoll my selfe. I being a Monarch free from the check of any but our divinest

divineſt *Prophet*, having a made within my power, a captive maid, whoſe only friend or aid was her own innocence, no husband to complain or ſeeke redreſs of any, ſhe being wholy mine, given to me for my pleaſure too, yet all theſe motives could not ſo far prevaile as once to make me offer brutiſh violence, though even from her refuſals my deſires increaſt: but thou whoſe baſe deſires hath kill'd all thoughts of vertue or humanity, imployedſt that force lent thee for nobler ends againſt a ſilly woman: and when thou hadſt enjoy'd what couldſt thou boaſt, but taſting of a fruit, wherewith her husband often had bin cloy'd?

Orc. Sir, as affection cannot be created where we liſt, it cannot be remov'd where it is form'd: having at firſt ſight tane poſſeſſion of the heart, *I* did yet, faintly I confeſſe, check my fond paſſion, it being unlawfull to love anothers wife; but alas her eyes were much too powerfull to be ſo reſiſted; beſides imbred corruption in my ſelfe told me, it was nothing to enjoy her, were ſhe free, and at her own diſpoſing, but having ſuch a watchfull dragon to orelook her as her jealous husband, his care made me believe the treaſure was more rich, ſo better worth the ſtealing.

Mel. It was to him indeed a treaſure that poſſeſt it lawfully, though being gain'd by thee, it makes thee poor, to the condition of a ſlave: his honour ſuffers through thy violence, nay bleeds untill my juſtice makes thee bleed to cure it.

Orc. I hope you will not be ſo cruell for an offence like this, committed through the heat of youth, ſince you your ſelfe even at theſe yeares adde to Love's triumphs.

Mel. Degenerate baſtard, canſt thou hope that an excuſe like this, will paſſe with me for currant, who ſtill hath bin a ſevere puniſher of unjuſt acts? it ſeldome hath bin known that ſuch a wrong was e're appeaſ'd

but

but with the offenders blood, or else the partiall judge within whose power it was to punish, he hath paid for't; or if they could escape the hands of men, yet sure the gods will find them out, and I that doe intend to be a punisher even of my selfe, for my least follies, dare not suffer, left I offend against heaven thy heinous crimes to pass unscourg'd; and therefore marke thy sentence.

Orc. O Sir, Remember who I am.

Mel. Whilst thou wast what thou oughtst to be thou needst not bid me to remember that thou wert my son, but since thou art become a stranger to that nobleneſſe that should accompany thy birth, like a corrupted branch Ile cut the from thee stock, left I for my injustice by the justice of the heavens should perish with thee, nor shall my subjects be a loser in it, one of more vertue shal succeed me, that wil not ravish women.

Orc. Sir, I am miserable, and must implore your mercy; for in your eyes I read my death or something neere it, oh speak then, your tongue cannot pronounce like crueltie.

Mel. I find I am a father, and if I hear him longer, pittie will overthrow my justice, and therefore I pronounce.

Orc. Oh hold, what Sir, my death or baniſhment I have bin all my life untill this present hour your hopefull son, for so you oft have call'd me, your heir, and shall I now inherit nought but death or else a thousand deaths, in being baniſht from your presence: which of the two to wish, I know not.

Mel. Oh that I might lay by the office of a judge, or else put off the nature of a father: for I in this distraction suffer more then he can doe in death; even injur'd *Callibeus* selfe would be content with a lesse puniſhment, and the severest powers of heaven will call me cruell in execution of what I intend, rather then partial, since he is my son.

Orc.

Orc .Oh ſpeak not Sir, ifyou intend my death; rather by ſignes make me know my doome, twill beleſſe cruell { *Melchoſhus ſtamps with his foot.*

Mel. In this behold it then.

Enter Mutes.

Orc. Nay then *Ozaca*, either thy honour or my life is forfeit, theſe tongue-leſſe men do yet pronounce my death certain as fate: I ſee my end, Sir, but what the paſſage to it is I know not.

Mel. A darke paſſage truſt me thou muſt have; but longer much then thou expecteſt, thou ſhalt not die.

Orc. Not die, her honor's ſafe, priſon or baniſhment I will endure.

Mel. Theſe eyes the cauſes of thy ill, leaſt they againe betray thee ſhall for ever looſe their light.

Orc. Is that your mercy? rather take my life.

Mel. If thou hadſt bin a private man, thou ſhould'ſt have died, but being a Prince and my ſon, this is more juſt, and naturall, however for the preſent thou think'ſt is greater crueltie, for thou ſhalt live by ſorrow to appeaſe our Prophet.

Orc. Oh Sir your mercy reaches to the higheſt poynt of crueltie, 'twere better not to be at all, then not have the comfort of the light, what can life profit me a Prince, if made uncapable of goverment?

Mel. Diſpatch, it is decreed. [*They put out one eye.*

Orc. Hold, heare me ſir, I have indur'd enough to ſhew, I priſe *Ozaca*'s honour, one eye is loſt. Sir I have belied my ſelfe; for know, *Ozaca* was more willing to meet my wiſht imbraces, then I to offer them.

Mel. Now I repent my pittie, thou wretch made up of baſeneſſe wouldſt thou to ſave that other wicked eye increaſe the villianies thou didſt commit againſt

Ozaca

Ozaca: thou only didst before defile her person, now thou dost murther her, and her husband, both alive but I in their behalfe and justice pronounce thy death for shouldst thou live, thou wouldst infect the world with baseneſſe yet unheard of: bear him from my sight and strangle him, lest as I am a Father, Pittie confound my Justice.

Orc. By *Mahomet*, Sir, father hear me.

Mel. Away with him, the feare of death would make him heap more perjuries upon his soul.

A Prince that for the losse of sight dares lie.
Deserves death here, hereafter infamie. } *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus quintus.

Enter Haly, Odmer, Hosa, and Captains.

Hal. *Odmer*, you that have all the favours of the time can surely tell, if you will honour us so much, for what great cause it is, that we, and all the Captains are commanded to assemble here.

Odm. Great *Haly*, who thinks all not done by him ill done, and who envies the smallest grace that any other shall receive, though their deserts perhaps may equall his, can even as well informe himselfe he thinks as *Odmer* can, and out of scorn does onely aske the question, but know, my Polititian, that ere long you'l find some alteration that you dreame not of. [*Hoboyes*

Enter Melchostus and Despina.

Haly. Odmer, is this your change you talke of?

Odm. Why, *Haly*, in his eyes you may read some-thing

thing if you'l obſerve not uſuall, I have not ſeen him looke like himſelfe ſince he forſooke *Mars* to become the ſlave of *Venus*.

Mel. I hear that there are ſome amongſt you that dare take upon them to maligne my pleaſures, and taxe me for my eaſie life, alleadging that I have forgot the duty of the gods, paying all my devotions to this Saint; nay ſome have gone ſo far as to affirme, I have given ore to be a King, making my ſelfe my captives ſlave, and ſo deſerve no longer to beare Rule. Although I need not make Apologies (for none can call me to account but heaven) yet Ile ſo far diſcend from that high pitch of Majeſty whereon I am ſeated, as in familiar termes to queſtion with you, and by the honour of a King, which I have yet kept pure from ſtain, however ſome have by their divelliſh cunning ſtriven to blot it, Ile give you liberty to anſwer, in what I ſhall aske you, with as much freedome as if you were all Kings, or I your fellow ſubject.

1. *Cap.* What can this meane?

Haly. I know not what will follow, but well I underſtand what's paſt, and will prevent him ſince he hath found me out, I ſhall be caught in mine own ſnare elſe.

Mel. Tell me and tell me truely, which of you that had a beauty like to this, but ſometimes would to enjoy her company neglect our greateſt buſineſſe, view her well for Ile make no deſcription; onely let me adviſe you fix not your eyes at firſt upon her eyes if it be poſſible, leaſt their brightneſſe ſhould ſtrike you blind before you had obſerv'd her other beauties, and when you have beheld her outward forme, know that her mind as farr exceeds that, as the ſoul is more worthy then the body, which does indeed admit of no compariſon.

Haly. She is more excellent then can be ſpoke, and all

all that should but taxe you, if you should even adore her, deserve death for their grosse ignorance.

1 *Cap.* *Haly* hath spoke what all confesse, and we have too unjustly murmur'd at your pleasures.

2 *Cap.* No man could go abroad to War, that might enjoy such happiness in peace.

Haly. Who would not for her sake neglect even heaven it selfe?

Mel. Unto her excellence add the consideration of the difficulty I had in obtaining her, which ties mans nature faster to the object.

1 *Cap.* We all acknowledge that your joyes are infinite in her, and that it lyes not in the power of man to quit such happiness.

Mel. To make you know the difference then twixt you and me, and that I value the good of you my subjects and my honour far above fading pleasures, be this my witness, thus cut I from my selfe such a content, that Mortals nere enjoy'd.

Def. Oh me, my fault lay in my blood, let that expiate my sin against heaven, mercy, mercy.

Om. Oh crueltie.

Od. An act noble above example yet it moves my pitty, this was no end of mine, heaven knowes.

Mel. Now by this act judge whether your Emperour be able to governe his passions or no, when they oppose themselves against his honour, and that you may know that pleasure hath not chang'd my nature, prepare for war, and what the neighbour Princes whilest we slept by stealth obtain'd.

By force which interest back shall be regain'd.

See the body noblie intumb'd, I dare not view it (*Exit*)

Od. Now *Haly* was not this unlook'd for? (*Exit*

Haly. Yes *Odmer*, on the first opportunity we are lost else. (*Exit*

1 *Cap.*

1 *Cap.* It must be so, this act will gaine the people.

2 *Cap.* It must be so.

Enter Osmond.

Osm. What meant the Emperour to send me from this meeting on such a sleevles errand: ha what bloody object is this, I hope I dreame, if not, may I be blind for ever, 'tis she: which of the gods fearing to be transplanted by her greater excellence hath done this? no mortall man durst, or could have the heart to execute such mischief: lay down the sacred load and let me know the bloody villaine: art thou gon? say whose hand was it, that let out her pure soul at these grim wounds, and in the bloody act parted more excellence, then ere shall meet again.

1. *Sol.* One that dares justifie it.

Osm. Villaine thou lieft, hee dares not, though thou and all thy generation should assist him, who wast?

1. *Sol.* I am a soldier, take your lie againe, for know it was *Melcothus*.

Osm. Slave, doft thou mock my griefes?

2. *Sol.* Hold, noble *Osmond*, and know we manifest our love unto your virtues in forbearing to cut you all in peices for daring to offer this violence: for by the honor of soldiers he tells you truth, the Emperour with his owne hands here perform'd it, before all chiefe commanders with an intent I thinke to get againe the soldiers love, which he had loft by her.

Os. I do confesse my rashnes, let my cause of rage excuse it: the Emperour do it, say you? it is impossible: now, by Mahomet, you are all traitours, and by some bloody statesmen are suborned to do this wickednes, and being found to save your guilty selves from justice, you lay it on the Emperour, you might as well make me beleeve that he had pull'd his eies out, or his heart, for shee was far more deere, and therefore lle deferre re-

venge no longer.

Enter a Captaine.

2. *Sold.* Wound him, not onely defend your ſelves, hees mad with paſſion.

Capt. Hold noble friend, what meanes this?

Oſm. Theſe villaines here have kill'd the Emperours Miſtris and would eſcape by laying it on him; when he, when he ſhall know it once, will wiſh no longer life.

Capt. Pacifie your rage and heare me: by Mahomet, what you have heard is truth, and never was there act gain'd more applauſe amongſt the old ſouldiers, whoſe loſs of blood hath quite extinguiſhed the deſire of women: but for my part me thought, though it be brave in the conſideration yet it was a horrid ſpectacle to ſee.

Oſm. Iſt even ſo? then had he tane a ſurfet by being too happie?

Capt. No ſure he lov'd her, when he kill'd her.

Oſm. Shall I die with thee, my deer ſiſter, for ſo it was thy will I ſhould eſteeme thee: oh looke upon this face and tell me, if there remain'd the leaſt ſpark of humanity in him, that could but once have ſaid, that ſhee ſhould thus be murderd; what was he then that could himſelfe perform it! horrid, horrid deed: ſhee in whoſe armes he ſlept the night before, and had no doubt more joyes then tounges can utter: but if there be thoſe Gods which puniſh villainies, he may hereafter pay for't.

Capt. Oſmond, this ill becomes your dutie, which hitherto hath led the way even to the forwardeſt in zeale.

Oſm. Why friend, I ſpeake not of *Melcoſtus*, he could not do it ſome furie enterd him.

Capt. Sir I love you: ſo well, that I dare not ſtay to heare you: beare off the body. *Exit.*

Oſm. Oh ſtay, good ſouldiers, let me take my laſt leave: what ſhall I ſay, ſhee cannot anſwer, it may be her faire Soul hovers about to ſee how they will uſe

her deere Companion: if ſo, oh let it heare my vow: by Mahomet and all the powers of heaven I ſwear with ſpeed to be reveng'd upon thy cruell murderer, all his brave former acts are by thy innocent blood waſht from my remembrance: for his love to me and paiment of my dutie they in it are cancelld, I was not more his ſlave then he was thine: confirm'd with many thouſand oathes, and moſt unjuſtly he hath not onely broke thoſe bands, but with thy deere blood died his villainie in grain, ſo that they cannot change their horrid colour in my memorie, till I take equall vengeance, but I muſt needes come ſhort both that I am by his example taught, and that I ſhall but kill a murderer when thou diedſt innocent.

1. *Sol.* Wee in this fray, hazzard our lives.

Oſm. I have done, now let me after death do that which love and duty to *Melcoſhus*, whilſt ſhee liv'd, would never ſuffer me: theſe pale cold lips have yet the power to make me burne in revenge, and theſe deere eies ſometimes the maiſter peece of nature can yet command me to extinguiſh their extinguiſher. Now ſoldiers take her hence, and I will beare you company to ſee her buried, the paſſion I have ſhewed, you may excuſe, ſince all know I did firſt preſent her to *Melcoſhus*; for which of you, that had but given a horſe or dog, excellent in their kinde, and ſeeing it at firſt as it deſerv'd lov'd and cheriſht by him that did receave it, and after thus uſ'd without a cauſe, but would grieve ſomething: deal freely, would it not move you, ha, if ſo, then thinke what I now ſuffer, who heaven knowes did love this Lady, as my ſiſter.

2. *Sol.* Sir we grieve with you, and wiſh the Emperour had not bin ſo cruell.

Oſm. Thanks ſoldiers, but where wiſhes faile, we muſt apply our reaſon to eaſe our griefe.

My eaſe alone conſiſts in ſhedding his heart blood.

That gain'd, and then destroyd, earths cheefest good.

Exeunt.

Enter Ozaca.

Oza. Shall I rejoyce, or shall I grieve my present fortune? rejoyce most certainly, though all difficultie and danger attend my love; for my *Orcanes* is a Prince so excellent in all, that though I ne'ere againe enjoy him, yet am I happy: but his affection sure which seem'd to equall mine will make him study some way how we againe may meet, but soft here comes my husband with a joyfull Countenance.

Enter Callibeus.

Calli. My deere *Ozaca*, I bring ease to thy vext soul, I had bin here long since, but that the Emperours expresse command upon affaires with held me, and far too happy was the newes for any other but my selfe to bring: kneele down with me and pray the Gods to prosper long *Melcothus*.

Oza. Why Sir, what's the occasion? speak I pray you.

Calli. I knew his justice could not slacke what er'e he end!

Oza. What justice? speak, oh my feares!

Calli. The Prince.

Oza. Speake, what of him?

Calli. The lustfull Prince, my deere *Ozaca*, hath by his blood washt cleane thy staine.

Oza. Ha. [*Shee Sownds*]

Calli. Ozaca, my *Ozaca*, oh speake; the joy of her revenge overcomes her: know my deer wife the Prince *Orcanes* for his foule rape on thee is by his noble father justly put to death: oh praise *Melcothus* in thy soul, who would not be unjust to save his son being a villaine.

Oza. Is the Prince dead then?

Calli. I, my best love to my great comfort, now I may

may kisse thee joyfully, the wound thy honour did receive is cur'd.

Oz. Forbear, I must not kisse you, till I know by whom the cure was wrought, if any other then your selfe inform'd against *Orcanes*, and so provok'd the father to kill his son; nay, if you did not extoll justice, and cry down mercy quite, though it be the greatest attribute belonging to the gods, hope not that I should ever look on you with love, or come within your bed.

Cal. Thinks my *Ozaca*, I so little love her, that I did sleep in my revenge: How often did I urge unto *Mycolhus* all arguments, that might incense him against his son, nay, told him, as I well might do, *Orcanes* could not be his Offspring that had so basely given himselfe to vice: However, I alledg'd in putting him to death, he should perform a justice, that would make him famous through the world, since naturall affection, the gods appointing him to hold the ballance, could not yet weigh down justice.

Oz. Did you alledge all this, and did this move him to put the Prince to death?

Cal. It did. Me thinks thou look'st not kindly on me for all this.

Oz. And shall I live after *Orcanes*? No.

Cal. What saies *Ozaca*?

Oz. Nothing, but is he dead, dead certainly, and by your meane?

Cal. He is.

Oz. Umh, umh, gone, for ever gone.

Cal. Ozaca, speak to me.

Oz. He died to save my honour, and shall I live behinde him, and live with him too, that triumphs in his death? It must not, it shall not be; I am too far indebted, I'l first make even with some. Oh husband, if you had kill'd *Orcanes* your selfe, then the revenge had

had stood more noble. You should have struck him thus and thus. *stabs her husband and her selfe.*

Cal. Ozaca.

Oz. And then your selfe to escape shamefull death.

Cal. What can this cruelty in thee, *Ozaca*, mean?

Oz. Know, thou dull beast, I was so far from being forc'd, that I did burn in a more ardent flame then he: Yet, had thy jealous brain not taught thee, to frame that Letter for thine own dishonour, I had been innocent in act perhaps, however my will had horn'd thee. But having once enjoyed a Prince so perfect, I never would admit thy loathed embraces, and so have rather chose death, with revenge on thee too boot, who wert the cause *Orcanes* suffered death. Being thus divorc'd from thee, I hope I in *Elizeum* shall enjoy him

Enter Servants.

Cal. Help ho, help ho, I finde that this is truth, my wounds are witnesse, and that there is no trusting womens tears I durst have sworn thee more innocent, than now I see thee wicked; yet, however live, and repent thy sins, for I can forgive thee, nay, perchance never cease to love thee.

Oz. Dull fool, canst thou believe my resolutions are so weak, as for the fear and pain of death, to give them over, lesse for the love of thee; wer't thou the Monarch of the whole world, I would not live after *Orcanes*, to be the partner of thy glories; but as it is, this knife is far more welcome to me; than thy sight. flie, my soul, flie, and leave this loathed prison to meet *Orcanes*. So, so, let this witnesse, I for thee die, *Orcanes*, and hope I have revenged thee. [*dies.*]

Cal. My wound is far more dangerous than I thought, and I, for ought I know, may bear thee company; but we shall soon part wales, if there be any justice in the gods. I would live, bear me to my chamber, and

and for that wicked woman, once my wife, let her be buried honourably. [*Exeunt servant with him.*]

Enter Melcoshus.

Mel Night, dark thoughts, and justly so, since by my cruelties, obscured that light, which was my only comfort. Oh *Despina*, pardon me most penitent, and now no more afflict me in my dreams; if thou beest mercifull. I will erect an Altar in this obscure Walk, and in the dead of night offer thee sacrifice; nay, even at noon day would I perform it, and in the sight of all, but that I know it must appear too plainly, that I to thee performed all rites with greater reverence, than to our sacred prophet and so the people might rebell, for fear of which, and losse of my neere-fading honour, I did become thy cruell butcher. Beat me, cold earth, till I have some way reconciled my selfe to my dear saint.

Enter Haly *and* Captains.

Hal. Are they come over?

1. *Cap.* They are. How are we sure hee's here now?

Hal. 'Tis not so dark, but we shall finde him; stand close a little, perchance he's not come down yet.

Enter Osmond.

Osm. You just powers, be this night auspicious in aiding my revenge; guide you this instrument as right unto his tyrant heart, as I will give it strength to pierce it: but soft, by the Moons light, I see some men before me, what can it mean? 'tis death for any but *Melcoshus* to enter here. 'Twould grieve my soul to die, and misse revenge too. Behinde this bush unseen, I shall observe.

Mel. Oh my *Despina*.

Hal. Hee's in the Arbour, I heard him groan; let's loose no time, but strike him dead, before he draw his sword, or call for help; if he see to morrow's Sun, he'l

had stood more noble. You should have struck him thus and thus. { *stabs her husband and her selfe.*

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Mel. Oh my *Despina*.

Hal. Hee's in the Arbour, I heard him groan; let's loose no time, but strike him dead, before he draw his sword, or call for help; if he see to morrow's Sun, he'l

know too much of our designes ere night, for us to see it set. *Osmer* suspects our conspiracy shrewdly, and suddainly will finde the truth.

2 *Cap.* Delay no time then.

Osm. What's this I hear, how ere in me it is but justice to take *Melesshus* life in them 'tis damn'd treason, which I'le prevent; nor shall they frustrate me of my revenge, their hands are far too base.

Hal. Draw, and dispatch him. { *They fight*, Haly & *the* Captains *slain.*

Osm. Sink down to hell, Haly, thou root of treason, with these thy curs'd branches.

Mel. *Osmond*, let me embrace thee in these wounded armes, I fear, to death. Thou wert ordained to be the lasting pattern of love and duty.

Osm. Forbear this kindness, for know, howe're I did preserve you from their swords, I come my selfe to kill you for *Despina*'s sake, her innocent blood cries for revenge; and by those powers I am ordained to see their justice satisfied, by taking life from him, who cruelly extinguished that pure light, which for a long time they intended should have been a comfort to the world, and a great witnesse of their power.

Mel. Nay, if my *Osmond* be a traitour but in thought once, he shall not need to use his sword, I would not wish to live beyond his faith; for, can there be a love or truth left in a subject, when 'tis not to be found in him. Now I perceive the murder I committed was most horrid, since he that lov'd me more then her, she she being alive, would now rob me of life to revenge her.

Osm. Know, Tyrant, I lov'd thee once, when thou wert worthy to be my Prince and Master, more than my selfe: But thou, when thou hadst satisfied thy beastly lust, to please the ignorant multitude, thou mad'st a sacrifice of her to them, to whom thou rather shouldst have made them offer sacrifice, on perill of their lives.

Mel.

Mel. *Osmond*, thou art here more cruell in thy accusation, then in thy intent to kill me: For, from the danger of thy sword, there's a divinity that waits upon the person of a Prince, that would protect me; but against the thoughts of thy unexpected treason, there is no armour; for thy unkindnesse so invades my soul, that all that blood that should supply these nerves, flies to my heart to tell it, *Osmond* no longer does wish to have a being there, if so, to split it will be kindnesse,

Osm. Me thinks I finde my resolution of revenge begin to bate its force.

Mel. If the consideration of your faith and love to me, so far prevail above your own affection, that you dispens'd with it to make me happy; believe likewise, from the consideration of that care a King should have over his subjects, which wholly was, and ever should have been whilst she did live by me, neglected, I rather kill'd her, than that my love was ought diminished; for had I lov'd her lesse, she might have lived; but I believing her to be so excellent, could think of nothing whilst she lived, but her embraces.

Osm. And therefore would you make her suffer for your fault, was that the justice of *Melcothus*? Your Son offended, and you punished him; but here you spar'd your selfe, striking an innocent.

Mel. 'Tis true, I struck her being innocent, yet did not injure her or any, but my selfe: I broke no Lawes of Gods nor men: to prove which, I ask no more of heaven, but that the taper of my life, which now growes dim, may burn some minutes longer; then shall I shew my *Osmond*, by their light of reason, that my unhappy Starrs are rather guilty of *Despina's* death, than I; she was a Captive, and a Christian, which by our Lawes, we freely may dispose of as we please; her death then, had I been but a subject, was no breach of them.

Osm.

Osm. She was a creature, for whose sake you would have once have broken all Lawes.

Mel. I could break none, my power being unconfin'd. But interrupt me not, lest I do faint, ere I can make an end. The Souldiers were so far from being displeased, that they acknowledged her death a Jubilee. Our prophet *Mahomet* might most rejoyce to see her breathlesse, whose perfections, being a Christian, so far out-went all those that honour'd him, that some in time might justly doubt our God to be lesse powerfull than theirs, and so the reverence we now pay, grow cold.

Osm. All this I grant; but for your injuries to her, what art can salve them?

Mel. She was the advocate of all those of her faith, and at my hands procured much mercy for them. The perfect Christian is so proud of nought as Martyrdom, and the more innocent from crime, the greater joy they take in death. Although *Despina* was not martyred for her faith, I grant, but by the force of her unequall'd beauty, made a sacrifice to save my honour; yet amongst those of her sect, she cannot misse the adoration of a Saint: And so I only sent her to a greater happinesse. You may alledge it was a happinesse.

Osm. Oh divine *Despina*.

Mel. She did not yet desire, to dy but rather wisht to live with me, she lov'd. To this again I answered, that I so much did doat upon her excellence, that I should have forgot to rule; and she must then have liv'd, to see me miserably depriv'd of state and honour. Yet, as it now falls out, my fortune then had been more favourable; for, then had *Osmond*'s love been left a pattern to posterity, and I should sure have found the comfort of his faith, when all men else were traitours. But now——

Osm. He hath delivered this Apologie with so much griefe, majesty, and love, that my own reason

makes

makes me know 'tis truth, and bids me justly turn that hatred, which I hither brought against him, upon my guilty selfe, for I have been a heinous traitor. Oh dread Sir, your pardon. But why should I once hope, I that have stood so strictly on my faith, and by a thousand obligations, been fast tyed in bands of duty, yet thus to break without a just cause, just cause, as if there could be any pretence for treason: Shall injuries make men cease to be vertuous?

Mel. Let my soul part with joy, since *Osmond* sees his errour; thy love to me, to vertue, and *Despina*, have fought so nobly, that it still overcames; which was most vertuous? thy love made thee present her to me, thy faith made thee refuse to take again what thou hadst given, when she did offer it; and when thou thoughtest, that cruelly and most unjustly I had killed *Despina*, thy noble anger made thee pursue revenge; but now, that thou dost finde that anger was unjust, thy faith overthrowes it, nay, turns it on thy selfe, since 'twas my fate, not I, was guilty of her death, which let my pardon mitigate, so at my death thou shalt expresse obedience, for now I feel his messenger approach; nor does it grieve me now so much to die, as to have lived, and thou been false. If Lovers meet in *Elizium*, and enjoy each other, there will thy vertues gain *Despina* from me. [*he dies.*]

Osm. Stay, hee's gone, and shall I live, he and *Despina* dead? 'twere madnesse; for what is in the world left that's worthy; or, if there be two such, it is not like, that I shall love the one, and serve the other. The fates ordain'd me onely for this end, he nurst and bred me, to wait upon him here, and in the other world. But should I stay, untill the Souldiers know hee's dead, some one of greater faith and courage may, by a voluntary death, seek to prevent me; besides, *Despina*, and the expiation of my intended treason, urges me to die.

Com

Come my dear friend, perform thy lateſt ſervice, in ſending me thy Maſter to *Elizium*. So, me thinks I ſee *Deſpina* ſtand ready to embrace me, but for *Melcoſhus* ſake, even there again I will refuſe her. Here at his honoured feet I'le lay me down. You gods, let not the noble affection of our ſoul change after death, let us remain all three ſo linkt together in affection, as we were before this bloody ſeparation. [*he dies.*]

Enter Odmer, Hoſa, *Captain, and Souldiers.*

Odm. Be favourable, you gods, and grant, that the claſhing of ſwords we heard within *Melcoſhus*'s private walk, have not prevented us; my heart miſgives me that we come too late: Treaſon is ſwift in execution, the devill thrufting on to miſchiefe; and ſee a bloody witneſſe, that my fears are true, 'tis *Haly. Mahomet*, defend the Emperour.

Cap. See, here are others dead, the Emperour I think.

Odm. Ha! what ſayeſt thou, ſcreetch Owl?

Hoſ. Alas, and noble *Oſmond* too.

Odm. Cold as earth. You gods, was this your juſtice? could you ſuffer this royall building, which you had rais'd unto a glorious heighth, to ſhew your power on mortalls, to fall to earth again in ſuch obſcurity, as none could be witneſſe of his ruine. But pardon me, you powers, I have profan'd we may conclude from theſe witneſſes, he nobly fell, and died not unreveng'd. He ever walked alone, how then comes *Oſmond* here; one to ſuſpect him for a traitor, were a ſin againſt Vertue, his very poſture witneſſes his love, kiſſing his Maſters feet, but more his faithfull hand aſſures me, that his wounds are from himſelfe; as ſcorning the world, ſince it no longer did contain *Melcoſhus*, who gave it luſtre. And ſhall ſo young years ſhew the way of love and duty, yet old *Odmer* fear to follow

follow him? No, Boy, thou ſhalt not ſo outſtrip me.

Hoſ. Hold, noble *Odmer*, will you forſake us too? then muſt the *Tartar* ceaſe to be a people: Who ſhall command us? all will run to ruine. Accept the Empire rather.

Om. Haile *Odmer*, King of the *Tartars*.

Odm. Tempt not my faith ſo: ſhall hope of honour make me live after *Melcoſhus*? Be this my witneſſe to the contrary.

Capt. *Odmer* till now did never ſhew, he was a greater lover of himſelfe than vertue; he would ſleep quiet in his grave, rather than by a little trouble in the world, preſerve us all from ruine. But in the name of *Mahomet*, I charge you forſake death, and accept the Empire.

Odm. Grant, that *Melcoſhus*'s ſon, the dead *Orcanes* brother, when hee's of age, may take my place, and I'le obey the gods, in yielding to your deſires.

Om. Long live *Odmer*, King of the *Tartars*.

Odm. By whom you were inſpir'd to teach me this more reaſonable way of duty, take up this noble Coarſe; for which I will erect a Tombe, ſhall make his name live to eternity, in which the faith and love of *Oſmond* ſhall not be forgotten.

FINIS.